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AN OLD PLAYMATE.

BY B. CORNWALL.

Dost thou still remember me?
I remember thee and thine.
When the young and careless hours
All were thine and mine;
When we hid our eyes in flowers,
Laughing at the ruling powers,
Dreaming life divine.

Dreams of books, or barren learning,
Troubled not our summer sleep;
Genius (just alit) was burning
In the heart's recesses deep;
O'er the sunny waters sailing,
Want, nor woe, nor friendship failing,
Taught us then to weep.

Life has lost its sweetest season,
Spring has shrunk to winter cold,
And for some bad earthly reason,
We (who once were young) are old.
Dimmed are all our sunshine glories,
And our thousand pleasant stories—
All are past and told!

Yet, life's thoughtful angel feeth
Through a gentle, calmer air;
And a hand that no one seeth
Shields us from despair:
So, though autumn falls in showers,
We will trust to brighter hours,
As when we hid our eyes in flowers,
And dreamed the world was fair.

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED)

"LORD ALPHINGTON'S grandson," Mrs. Dalton explained—"the young man who has just been proved heir to the earldom. It is quite a romantic story. Of course we shall be introduced to him when we go to stay with our friends, Sir Stephen and Lady Langley, at the Larches—they are neighbors of Lord Alphington's. But he called to inquire about the ring."

St. Lawrence glanced quickly first at Bertha and then at Lena. Bertha had evidently heard Fancourt's name mentioned with perfect indifference. Lena cast down her eyes with a conscious look as she felt St. Lawrence's eyes bent upon her. She began to replace the working materials she had been engaged upon in the dainty little basket, as if to conceal her embarrassment.

St. Lawrence's lip curled. This slight expression of contempt she did not see; nor, if she had noticed it, would she have interpreted it aright. Her vanity would not permit her to imagine that any unengaged man she met might not become her adorer. Feeling as she did the power St. Lawrence's noble bearing and courteous manner might exert over her, in addition to the straightforward honesty that shone from his clear gray eyes, and the refinement and mental cultivation that made itself evident even in the modulation of his voice she was balancing the question as to whether she would allow him to fall in love with her or not.

Conversation returned to indifferent topics. The long spring twilight closed in, and Mrs. Dalton rang for the lamp. St. Lawrence soon rose to go.

"I have a large picture on my easel I shall be happy to show you, if you and your daughters would think it worth while to take the trouble of visiting my studio," he said as he shook hands with Mrs. Dalton.

Mrs. Dalton did not care very much about pictures, but she was always glad of an excuse for going out, glad of anything for a change; she therefore graciously signified that she would be happy to pay him a visit with her elder daughter. "My younger daughter is much engaged," she added.

Bertha's countenance fell, something of the old weary look returned—and that was not lost upon St. Lawrence.

The occurrences of the evening had given him much to think of and speculate upon. He sat up late, throwing open his window, and gazing up at the strip of sky that the view from it permitted him to see. He might have been an astrologer seeking to read the future in the stars. While the smoke from his cigar ascended into the still night air, he pondered much that he had seen and heard.

Mingled with many anxious considerations as to his own fortunes were thoughts of those whom he had just left. There seemed to him a great discrepancy. The Daltons' house was small, but there were signs of elegant tastes not ungratified. Mrs. Dalton and the elder daughter were dressed fashionably, in a style that necessarily entailed no small outlay. The latter, too, indulged in the languid, indolent airs of a fine lady. She had ceased to charm him, in spite of her beauty. During that evening he had read her character tolerably correctly, and it certainly did not inspire him with any warm regard. How was it, he asked himself, that the younger sister was compelled to work, and to work hard, apparently? How was it there was such a marked difference in her appearance? He felt interested in her—for Douglas's sake, he told himself—and was inclined to resent in her behalf the distinction made.

"She is sweet and sympathetic, as well as animated and intelligent"—so his thoughts ran; "the other is handsome, but uninteresting—selfish and ambitious, if I mistake not. Douglas will be a fortunate man if he succeeds in winning Bertha." With a half sigh as he came to this conclusion, he closed the window and went to bed, where he tossed uneasily for some time before sleep brought forgetfulness.

Bertha had thoroughly enjoyed the evening. It was rarely she met with any one so companionable. The clever sketches, also, had been a great treat to her. She began to think that an occasional visit from Mr. St. Lawrence would add much to the few pleasures of her life.

Lena, in the solitude of her own room, shed a few bitter tears, so much had the impression that St. Lawrence had made upon her on their first meeting been deepened by further acquaintance. She was obliged to confess to herself that he was a man she could have loved, and a vista opened itself to her of another life than that she had hitherto set before her view; but she resolutely turned away. Dashing the tears from her eyes, she accused herself of folly. It never for a moment occurred to her that she might not be able to bring St. Lawrence to her feet if she chose. She took it for granted that, if she engaged herself to Fancourt, the other would be in despair. "But he cannot expect that I should think of him seriously," she said to herself. "He has nothing to offer me."

She felt inclined to rebel at fate for not having given title and wealth to the man she would have preferred—for condemning her to receive the addresses of one to whom she felt so great a repugnance as she felt to Fancourt; and then an uneasy feeling took possession of her that perhaps she was not so secure of the heir expectant as she had at first supposed. Mr. Fancourt—now the Honorable Mr. Fancourt—had called again soon after his first visit, and he had shown his admiration in what from any one but the heir to an earldom would have been an offensive manner. She however had been careful not to betray that she felt any cause of offence. But since then he had not returned. She had watched for him day after day, and evening after evening, during the last week, and he had not come. She began to feel mortified and vexed at his non-appearance.

Highly as she esteemed her own powers of fascination, she was half afraid lest some one in his own sphere might come between them—some high-born *demoiselle* to whom his eyes might have turned, and whom Lord Alphington would more willingly accept as the bride of his grandson and heir.

This uncertainty furthered Fancourt's suit much more effectually than his presence could have done. She for the moment forgot her dislike to the man in her anxiety to clutch the future coronet. And thus St. Lawrence's image gave place to her accustomed visions of splendors to come.

CHAPTER XV.

FANCOURT'S passionate admiration for Lena had increased rather than diminished during the time of his enforced absence—she need have been under no alarm. He had fully intended to pursue his suit, but a letter received from Julie Lemont had altered his plans, and took him out of town for several days.

During a subsequent interview with Lord Alphington, affairs had been arranged entirely to his satisfaction. Handsome apartments were assigned him in the long-vacant house in Magnus Square; and what even he acknowledged to be a handsome income was mentioned as about to be placed at his disposal, Lord Alphington placing a cheque for a considerable amount in his hands for present expenses. He could scarcely conceal his exultation when informed of these arrangements, and Lord Alphington's manner towards him increased in coldness accordingly.

If Fancourt had betrayed any emotion upon assuming the name and rank of his forefathers, or had expressed any desire to stand well with the old Earl or to be guided by his wishes in any way, or had shown any anxiety to fulfil well the duties of his new station, Lord Alphington's heart might have softened towards him—he might have forgiven much. But there was nothing of the kind: it was all self—all sordid greed.

When Lord Alphington came to talk with him on general subjects he found him by no means ignorant, or devoid of a certain degree of cultivation; the real want was deeper. Fancourt's idea of good was expediency; of pleasure, mere sensual gratification; of wisdom, the low cunning necessary to deceive for certain ends. All else he considered mere hypocrisy; and so far was he from being conscious that he was laying bare a low, vulgar nature, that he believed he was making himself out a fine fellow, a man of the world, "with no humbug about him."

Lord Alphington, wounded and distressed, returned to Alphington Park—returned to feel his splendid home more lonely than ever; for now what hope could there be that the void there would ever be filled? Fancourt would marry, as a matter of course, but he had little expectation that such a step would mend matters. What girl of refined tastes and delicate habits would unite herself with the low-bred, shallow-headed, evil-minded upstart he was compelled to own as his grandson? Nor there was nothing to look forward to there. Fancourt would be caught by some pretty face, most likely in a lower grade, and would be accepted—how else could he be accepted? Lord Alphington asked himself—for the sake of his wealth and future title.

Could the desolate old man have known that Fancourt had already made his choice, he would have taken some comfort. He had not felt particularly interested in Madeline Dalton, but at any rate she was a beautiful and graceful woman, who would not disgrace her husband's name.

Lord Alphington wandered disconsolately from room to room on the day after his return home, lingering before each memento of former and happier years. He had never suffered his wife's work table and embroidery frame to be removed from the place in which they had used to stand during her lifetime. He drew out the table drawer wherein lay her scissors and thimble just as she had last used them; a piece of canvas was still stretched upon the frame, with a rosebud just begun, the threads of pink and green hanging loose. In the dining room were portraits of his two sons in their boyhood, and of a lady he had once called daughter-in-law, with an infant on her knee. In the school room there were still small desks and well-worn books, besides bats and balls and juvenile fishing rods. Ah, how long ago it seemed since those loving faces pictured on the walls had surrounded him—since cheerful voices had made music in the old mansion—since little pattering feet had been heard on the stairs and along the wide corridors! How quickly one after another had vanished, leaving the old man alone! Of what avail were wealth and luxury to him? he thought, as he stood at the library window watching a herd of deer sweep across a glade of the park. The lodge keeper, whose rosy children peeped shyly out as he passed, in the hope of a kind word or perhaps a sixpence, was a happier man than he.

Unwilling to allow these melancholy reflections to overmaster him, he ordered his horse round, and rode over to the Larches to confide his troubles and disappointments to Lady Langley's kind and sympathetic ear.

"I am truly sorry to hear what you say," said Lady Langley, when Lord Alphington had related the circumstances of his visit to town, and the cruel disappointment that had awaited him; "but we must hope that the fall of your expectations has not led you to take too gloomy a view. Perhaps on further acquaintance you may not find your grandson so repellent to you as you now feel him to be."

"You will see him when he comes down to the Park," Lord Alphington returned, shaking his head; "and you will find I have not exaggerated. It will be an additional grief to me and a cause of anxiety as well. I shall live in perpetual fear of some disgraceful exposure."

Lady Langley did her best to console and encourage her old friend, for whom she felt deeply. Notwithstanding her endeavor to see the matter in a more cheerful light, she trembled, knowing that Lord Alphington was not one to judge either hastily or harshly, but that he must have had good cause for the displeasure and uneasiness he expressed.

Fancourt lost no time in establishing himself in his new quarters in Magnus Square. The first evening after taking up his abode there he remained at home, gloating over his surroundings, and hugging himself in anticipation of a brilliant future. Reclining in a luxurious lounging chair in his sitting room, he looked round at the brocaded hangings, which were of a subdued gold color, at the cabinets, and ottomans, and tables, and every possible appliance for use and ease; and the tall mirrors and exquisite bronzes, and the pictures, few but choice, that hung upon the walls. Then he glanced at the bell ready to his hand; he had only to ring to summon servants prepared to fly at his bidding. Did he wish to ride? There were horses in the stable. To drive? He had only to choose his vehicle.

The London season was then nearly at its end, but by the time another season was come he would be known and received everywhere as Lord Alphington's grandson and heir, and for a crowning bliss Madeline Dalton would be his. His heart beat fast as he feasted his imagination on the thought of her beauty, and told himself that he had nothing to do but to hold out his hand. All fears seemed for the moment to have vanished.

In this mood he retired to rest. Bed room, dressing-room, bath room, all were faultless in their appointments. There was an end to looking about the world, an end to poverty, and to schemes to raise money, and to the annoyance of duns. And why should any spectre rise up to disturb his enjoyment of all these good things? What was done was done—why should he torment himself? Honor, honesty, truth—what were these but fine sounding words? Fancourt had before now tried to persuade himself that men were all alike—that no one much regarded these virtues excepting when it was convenient; and, if any were fools enough to let such high-flown notions stand in their way, they deserved to lose in the game of life.

Thus trying to argue down the monitor that would make itself heard, Fancourt fell asleep, to be roused in the morning by an unpleasant visitor in the shape of a letter. After reading it, he sprang out of bed with a muttered oath, and, ringing the bell violently, he ordered breakfast to be got ready immediately, and the dog-cart to be brought to the door in an hour to take him to the South-Eastern Railway station.

Fancourt was nearly a week away—an absence that prevented his calling again at Ivy Cottage. It was evening when he returned to town, and the man who appeared to take his portmanteau was not the one who had been engaged as his personal attendant, but a stranger—a rather small man, with shrewd gray eyes, and dark hair and whiskers.

"Where is James?" Fancourt asked.

"Why the deuce isn't he here when he knew I was coming home?'

"James has been suddenly called away by his father's illness, sir," replied the new man; "and Mr Parker has desired that I should wait upon you till his return."

Fancourt anathematized James, his father, and the house steward, though he ended by saying that it signified nothing to him who waited upon him so long as he got what he wanted.

"What is your name?" he asked, in conclusion.

"John, if you please, sir."

"Have you been accustomed to wait upon gentlemen?'

"Oh yes, sir," replied the man, smiling. "I have waited upon many, and have always given satisfaction."

"That will do," returned Fancourt. "Here, take my overcoat," he continued, tossing a light colored garment towards him; "and tell Brooks that I shall dine in an hour—here."

John bowed, and withdrew to execute his new master's orders.

As time passed John proved himself invaluable. Fancourt found every article he wanted ready to his hand. Had he a letter to post or a message to send John was quick of foot and always ready. John never neglected an order, never forgot a direction, and seemed to know his engagements better than himself. If he came stumbling home at a late hour—as was not unfrequently the case—John was always in attendance to help him to bed, and appeared the following morning with the accustomed smile on his lips as if nothing noticeable had occurred.

John associated but little with the other servants, and was accounted close. He had a pleasant way with him, however, which won good will; and perhaps the character he acquired for reticence invited confidence, for he generally seemed acquainted with what was going on.

A peerless servant was John, and Fancourt congratulated himself on his good fortune in this as in other matters. He need not be afraid of making use of this intelligent, active fellow, he decided. He might do him good service in more ways than one, and he could easily make it worth his while to be trustworthy. He gave orders therefore that John was to be permanently retained, and James summarily dismissed, should the latter return with the expectation of resuming his post.

CHAPTER XVI

WEEKS passed, and August followed sultry July and sunny June. Heat and dust made the atmosphere oppressive, and a blinding sun baked the pavements and glared upon the houses. The London season was over, and all who had the means began to hurry away to the seaside, to the Rhine, to Switzerland—whithersoever their fancy led them, or their convenience allowed them to go.

The death of Douglas's old aunt—the relative from whom he had expectations—happened towards the end of July; and Douglas, contrary to the general run of human affairs, found his hopes more than realized. The old lady had been a misanthrope and a miser—no one had known anything as to the state of her finances. Dim rumors were afloat that she was rich, but these again seemed contradicted by the penury in which she lived. She died unlamented, and, as she left no will, Charles Douglas, her only near relative, found himself in possession of a fortune exceeding ten thousand pounds. He attended the funeral, as in duty bound, but was absent only two days, and then he came back radiant. It would have been sheer hypocrisy on his part to pretend to any feelings of regret for a kinswoman he scarcely knew, and one who had never made herself respected.

A pleasant intimacy had sprung up between the Dalton family and the two young artists. Finding that both the Misses Dalton had practiced sketching from nature before they came to reside in London, the young men tempted Mrs. Dalton to accompany them with her daughters in various country excursions, under pretense of giving Lena and Bertha instructions in sketching, these excursions being always planned for such afternoons as Bertha chanced to be at liberty. Rowing on the river above Richmond, wandering amongst the glades of Windsor Forest, or the pleasant country scenes about Eltham, Chigwell, and other places at an easy railway distance from London, free interchange of thought and feeling naturally followed; and thus it came about that Douglas's fancy for Bertha ripened into a warm attachment, and that her sweet, unspoiled, truthful character revealed itself more and more fully to both her self constituted instructors.

St. Lawrence still considered Lena Dalton the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but her faults were just those that were to him most unlovable. Perhaps the rural background in which he so often saw her was not suited to her, perhaps the struggle going on in her own mind made her increasingly petulant and disobliging: whatever it was, St. Lawrence did not find himself drawn towards her. Her smiles failed to cause any acceleration of pulse, nor did her coldness when that seemed her, throw him into despondency. For Bertha, on the contrary, he felt the most sincere regard. "Brotherly affection," was the name he gave his feelings for her—for what else could he allow himself to entertain without turning traitor to his friend?

Fancourt was also a frequent visitor at Ivy Cottage; nor could the object of his visits be now mistaken—indeed he made no secret of his intentions though he had not as yet declared himself. It so happened that he had never met St. Lawrence and Douglas. His visits were always made in the daytime, his evenings being otherwise and too frequently less reputably employed, while St. Lawrence, at any rate, worked hard at his easel during the morning hours, and consequently had only the late afternoons and evenings at his command. Douglas openly confessed that it was Bertha who attracted him to Ivy Cottage, and Bertha was never at home excepting in the evening.

Lord Alphington and St. Lawrence received occasional communications from Mr. Riggs, the former through his solicitor, Mr. Thomson, but nothing had yet been heard of the opal ring. St. Lawrence's was a different quest, and, as regarded it, the detective still kept urging him to remain quiet and be silent.

"I believe we shall be able to unravel your affair, but the greatest caution must be used, or we may fail," wrote this functionary in the last missive St. Lawrence had received from him. St. Lawrence felt he could do nothing but wait and trust, though there were certain circumstances that made this waiting very terrible to him, and at times caused him to fear that he would be obliged for conscience sake to break through the trammels Mr. Riggs imposed upon him, even at the risk of ruining his own prospects.

Douglas's accession to wealth greatly changed Mrs. Dalton's views. She had always made up her mind that Lena was to "make her fortune" by marriage; and then, with some help from her, Mrs. Dalton told herself she would be able to get on comfortably with her little income. But, in that case, what was to be done with Bertha? Of course, if Lena married a man of rank, as seemed now almost certain, her sister could not continue to teach music—such an occupation for an Earl's sister-in-law would be quite out of character.

Now the problem was solved. Douglas's falling in love with Bertha was something quite providential, Mrs. Dalton observed to Lena. Such a match for her elder daughter would not have been entertained for a moment; but, for Bertha, a moderate income, with a man of unexceptionable appearance and manners, a man who would be quite presentable amongst his future aristocratic connections, was all that could be reasonably looked for.

Thus Mrs Dalton settled the prospects of her two daughters quite to her satisfaction, and plumed herself upon the happy turn of events, as if it had been all her own doing. The only one quite ignorant of Douglas's intentions was Bertha herself. She had always liked him, and, now that they had become intimate, was thoroughly friendly with him and at her ease—too much so, Douglas sometimes feared. He would fain have detected some change of color when they met, some shade of embarrassment or shyness in her manner. He was far from despairing, however, Bertha at any rate took pleasure in his society, and Mrs. Dalton gave him encouragement by many little signs that he understood, though not actually by words. He persuaded himself she would not have done this had there been no hope for him, so he determined to take heart of grace and press his suit.

Since Douglas had been in a position to come forward, St. Lawrence's visits to Ivy Cottage had become much more rare. He still made one in the sketching parties, but on such occasions he now attached himself to Mrs. Dalton and Lena, leaving Douglas to devote himself to Bertha. This change was not unnoticed by Lena, who did not doubt but that at last her charms had touched his unimpressionable heart; and her own throbbed only too wildly as she whispered to herself that the only love she could have returned was here.

While St. Lawrence appeared indifferent to Lena, and while her love for him seemed even to her, to be in vain, a fierce mental conflict had been going on: she sometimes thought that she was capable of casting aside ambition, if only she could hear him say he loved her. But, now that he was again at her side, now that, blinded by vanity, she believed that she had to give only the slightest token of favor to bring him to her feet, she recoiled from surrendering the aim of her life. The prospect of rank and wealth again allured her, and she longed to be able to hold both Fancourt and St. Lawrence captive, so that, while she mounted to the height of her desires by the aid of one, she could keep the other in her train, and at least prevent the bestowal of his affections elsewhere.

It never entered St. Lawrence's head that Lena Dalton cared for him; he gave her no real reason to suppose that he regarded her with any warmer feeling than that of friendship; he would have been shocked and distressed could he have looked into her heart. As it was, quite ignorant that he was leading her into any misunderstanding, he corrected her sketches and strolled by her side, and waited upon her wishes, though his thoughts were otherwise occupied; and his frequent fits of absence of mind would have revealed to any one less self occupied than Lena that his heart was elsewhere.

Douglas had noticed that for some weeks past St. Lawrence had appeared depressed and unlike himself, and occasionally irritable. He supposed that suspense, the prolonged waiting for the bringing to light of the fraud of which he had been the victim, was undermining his friend's health and spirits. He therefore devoted himself to cheer him, and more than ever endeavored to induce him to seek change and recreation.

"I don't seem to feel it as much as I did," St. Lawrence said one day, when Douglas was exhorting him to be patient. "If it were not for the sake of justice, I could be well content to give it all up, and go abroad again, to Italy or Palestine, or anywhere out of the way. If all were set right to-morrow, I don't know what good it would do me."

"Then for what in the world are you moping like a sick cat?" Douglas exclaimed. "You seem to be in Hamlet's vein—'Man delights not me, nor woman neither.' Why don't you fall in love? By Jove, you'd have no time for the sulks, if you were to set to work to try and win the heart of some sweet little woman like my Bertha. Heigh ho, I wish she were mine! I say, St. Lawrence, do you think I have a chance?"

"For Heaven's sake, Douglas, don't be hammering on that theme for ever, or you'll drive me distracted!" St. Lawrence answered, almost angrily, shading his face with his hand, as he sat by the table. "How should I know? Why don't you ask her?"

"And get a point blank 'No' for my pains," Douglas replied, ruffling up his curly hair. "It is evident you don't understand the art of war, old fellow. Did you ever hear of a fortress being taken by the enemy's going up and saying, 'Please let me have it?' Besides, where would be the fun? Think what excitement, what a world of new sensations one would lose. Where would be the marchings and counter-marchings, the erecting of batteries, and directing of field guns, and all the interest of watching for the first signs of a breach? I verily believe that one of the reasons why wives occupy a higher place in the scale of society than they used to do is because they are more difficult to win. Formerly a man could buy the woman he wanted, or else run off with her; she was only just like any other possession. Now—the deuce take it!—one has to go beating about the bush for months, and then perhaps, after all, one may get the sack—and there's no help for it."

"I don't believe, Douglas, you're half in earnest, or you wouldn't talk so much," said St. Lawrence, starting up and going to his painting table, where he began to sort his brushes and colors.

"Oh, am I not though!" cried Douglas, taking his hands from his rumpled hair. "Wasn't it one of the first things I did, after that dear old lady departed to the Elysian Fields, to write the name of Bertha Douglas on the blotting book where I had been drawing my first cheque just to see how it looked!"

"Pshaw!" muttered St. Lawrence, impatiently.

"You see I don't take things *au grand sérieux*, as you do, old man," Douglas went on. "I haven't it in me. I haven't the remotest idea why Romeo killed himself, even if Juliet was dead, nor how Othello felt after smothering his wife. But I'll make a good husband for all that—see if I don't."

"If you don't—if you ever cause her a sigh or a tear," St. Lawrence began, hotly, the color rushing to his face, but with a great sigh, as if out of the depths of his heart, he checked himself. "Don't mind me," he said—"I'm out of sorts just now; I shall be all right soon. If it were not for Riggs, as I said before, I'd go away for a time—the farther the better. But let us talk about something else. What will you have—Claret's the coolest."

"Claret, by all means," Douglas replied. "I intend to forego whisky, and pipes, and all that sort of thing, and to go in for tea and buttered muffins. The fellows at the 'Shakespeare's Head' will lose one of the chief ornaments of their society, and will have the more to regret when it remains ungraced by the presence of Eustace St. Lawrence, Esq."

"I have no taste that way; I suppose I was not to the manner born. Moreover, I'm but a morose sort of fellow, better left to myself, I shall miss you, nevertheless, Douglas, when you settle down," said St. Lawrence.

"Miss me! Why, you know there will always be a knife and fork for you, old man!" Douglas exclaimed. "I don't know why Bertha should have been a little shy with you lately, but she did like you, I am sure."

St. Lawrence went to the window, and with a jerk threw it up as high as it would go.

"It's awfully hot," he said—"I think there's going to be a storm."

"I'm glad of it," Douglas returned, looking up at the gathering clouds—"it will clear the air."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE same sort of depression under which St. Lawrence was suffering affected Bertha Dalton; she lost her appetite, and the faint wild-rose bloom faded from her cheeks, excepting when some transient emotion sent the warm blood flying to her face. Her employments became distasteful to her, and she felt most truly thankful when her mother expressed a wish that she should decline taking any more pupils after the holidays. She felt her strength giving way; her old pursuits and amusements lost their charm; she wandered about the garden instead of working in it, and listlessly turned over the pages of the books she attempted to read finding no interest except in her favorite poets. When she sang, she chose pathetic songs, but often, before they were ended, her voice faltered, and she broke off abruptly.

Her mother and sister did not notice her mood—they were too much wrapped up in their own concerns. Lena—perhaps in some degree influenced by the pictures of splendor and gaiety her mother was always holding up before her eyes—had succeeded, as she believed, in crushing all the more tender feelings out of her heart, and had definitely made up her mind to accept Fancourt. This being the case, she began to think it was time she came to the point. She wished to have her fate settled beyond recall. She too was restless and unhappy, and longed to have within her grasp the prize that was costing her so much. She was no fool and, even if she had been fancy free could not have closed her eyes to the defects of the man she had determined to marry. Bertha openly expressed her dislike of the Honorable Mr Fancourt, much to Mrs Dalton's displeasure, and Lena could not but acknowledge to herself that, if he had presented himself to her under any other aspect than as heir to a peerage, he would have been intolerable. But the coronet dazzled her eyes, and she persuaded herself that in the rank to which such a marriage would raise her she need not see much of her husband. The world, in the gay scenes of which she intended to take her full share, would come between them, and while he went his way she would go hers, letting him know that she was to consider it enough if she did the honors of his house gracefully and well.

She was also desirous that a positive engagement should take place before Bertha, her mother, and herself went on their autumn visit to the Larches. It would be a good opportunity for her to be introduced to Lord Alphington as his grandson's promised bride. Of his consent to the marriage she felt assured. She believed him to be too simple in his habits, too unambitious, not to be satisfied as long as his grandson made choice of a lady; and, as Lena surveyed her beautiful face and graceful form in the mirror, she knew there could be no question on that score.

The morning was bright and beautiful after the heavy storm of the night before; the sun had not yet had power to dry up the raindrops that still sparkled in the chalices of the flowers; the air was full of sweet scents, and the birds rejoiced as if in a second spring.

"He will come to day," said Lena, as, attired in an elegant morning costume, she sat down in her favorite place near the window, and took up a book under pretence of employment.

"Then, my love, I shall make some excuse to go out," announced the prudent mother; "and pray do not be so cool in your manner to him as you are sometimes. I believe he would have proposed before this if you had not seemed to hold him so at arm's length."

"Thanks, mamma," Lena languidly returned. "I know what I am about, never fear. Mr. Fancourt is not bashful, I assure you. It is quite necessary he should be made to feel that he is in the presence of a different sort of woman from those I imagine he has been accustomed to."

"I dare say you are right, my precious one," Mrs. Dalton admitted. "But you cannot blame me if I am anxious to see you so admirably settled—beyond even my hopes for you."

Lena's lovely face assumed an expression of disdain. She had sufficient consciousness of what was good and noble to feel contempt for her mother's sordid axioms when she heard them enunciated, even while she acted upon them. This consciousness had grown upon her unawares during her intimacy with St. Lawrence; and even now, as she sat looking out into the sunny garden, a keen pang shot through her as she thought how he would despise her could he read her heart. Little she knew that he had read her through and through—that early in their acquaintance he had tried her in the balance and found her wanting, and that not all her beauty, all her wiles, had power to make him alter his judgment one jot or one tittle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give up the earth itself and all that it contains, rather than do an immoral act. Whenever you are to do a thing, though it never be known but to yourself, ask yourself how you would act were all the world looking at you, and act accordingly.

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME TO JULY 1st.

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Salem, Mass., May 9, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the ring and papers in due time. Am very much pleased with both. Please accept thanks. MRS. J. M. A.

Broadaville, Ala., May 9 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received my ring and papers promptly. The ring is much prettier than I expected. I was happily disappointed MRS. W. H.

Trenton, Mo., May 10, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the premium ring. Am pleased with it. It is all you represented it to be and far exceeds my expectations. Accept thanks. E. H.

Greensboro, Ala., May 11, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am very much pleased with the ring you sent me. It exceeds my expectation. You have my thanks for your splendid paper and premium. E. H. K.

Denver, Col., May 11, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have this day received the earrings and am well pleased with them. I do not see how you can afford such valuable premiums. They look as well as genuine diamonds and are perfect little gems. MRS. W. W. E.

Croton Landing, N. Y., May 9, 1881.

Editors Post: Your beautiful gift a Diamante Brilliante and I received in splendid condition. It is really a jewel if ever there was one, and is well worth what I paid for my year's subscription. It is all you represented it W. F.

Peirce City, Mo., May 13, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Premium earrings are at hand and am very much pleased with them. Exceeding I ever received in the way of a premium. Your paper is excellent. MRS. E. F. L.

Worthington, Ind., May 14, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium earrings received in due time. Am well pleased with them. Nicer than I thought they would be. The Post speaks for itself. It is an old friend of mine—I think the first paper I ever read. Don't intend to try to do without it. MRS. T. H. N.

Rose Spring, Ala., May 12, 1881.

Dear sir—I received my ring and was very much pleased with it. I think it real nice. I like your paper so much. C. M.

Pawtucket, R. I., May 16, 1881.

Editors Post.—The ring is received all right and much exceed my expectations. Many thanks for your beautiful present. E. M. K.

Bolton, Mich., May 16, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I received premium. I am very much pleased with it. I also think the paper splendid. F. H.

Newport, R. I., May 16, 1881.

Editors Post.—Your premium earrings were received to-day all right and am well pleased. Many thanks to you. I have been taking your paper since 1858, and think I cannot give it up. MRS. S. M. H. S.

Black Hawk, Col., May 7, 1881.

Gentlemen:—The paper and premium duly received and both satisfactory. The premium fully up to representation, and better than expected. J. M. S.

Lawrenceburg Ky., May 13 1881.

Gents:—Your premium earrings have been duly received and I find them all they have been represented. They look like real diamonds. I like your paper very much. L. F. C.

Pulaski, Tenn., May 10 1881.

Gentlemen:—I received the ring in good condition. I cannot say enough for the Post and premium. I have taken at least one dozen papers with and without premiums that cost from one to three dollars per annum and you have the best paper and the nicest premiums for the least money of any of them. I take two others beside the Post, one cost one dollar the other cost three. I got no premium with the three dollar paper, and yours is far ahead of any of them. MRS. E. J. N.

Big Rapids, Mich., May 8, 1881.

Editors of Saturday Evening Post.—I received the premium in due time. I am very much pleased with the ring, earrings, and stud. I think they are beautiful. Please accept my thanks. I think the premium worth more than the money, aside from the paper, and would not be without the paper. MRS. E. L. T.

Independence, N. Y., May 8 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the ring and papers in due time and am very happy to say that the ring gives perfect satisfaction. I think the Diamante Brilliante is all it is represented to be. MISS E. M. A.

Evansville Ind., May 6, 1881.

Sirs:—Received premium ring and am very well pleased with it. J. M.

Independence, Miss., May 10, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received my premium ring. Am perfectly delighted. It is simply superbid. How you can give such a paper and such a premium, at such a price is more than I can see. MRS. M. A. H.

Arcola, N. J., May 25, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received your handsome premium on the 24th. I was more than pleased with it. They are a great deal nicer than I expected they would be. I thank you kindly for your valuable present and hope your paper will meet with great success. MRS. W. C. D.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

725 Sansom Street, Philada.

The New Doctor.

BY MARK KINGSLEY.

"I THINK I will try the new doctor."

Esther Warren spoke in a faint half pleading tone, as if she expected to meet a storm of objections, but somewhat to to her surprise, her aunt Martha said:

"I would if I were you."

"Dr. Wyck, it would seem, has tried his utmost skill for the last five years," sighed Esther, wearily, "and I get no better. It may be Dr. Dun will know of some new remedy."

"I will write to Dr. Dun now," said Miss Martha. "I will see Robert Barnes up to drive to the town."

It was a very brief note, merely requesting Dr. Dun to call upon Miss Warren at his earliest convenience, yet Miss Martha's pen traveled very slowly over the paper, and she kept her head to one side, lest a tear-drop should mar the neat letters.

Five years before there had been no brighter, stronger maiden in all Millville than Esther Warren, only child of Bates Warren, who had made an enormous fortune in iron, and held Esther as the choicest of all this earth's treasures.

At eighteen, her father was killed and she seriously crippled in a railway collision.

Her hands and arms were strong as ever her brain clear, but her lower limbs were utterly without power.

Heiress to immense wealth she was almost a prisoner in her splendid home, subject to attacks of pain that prostrated her for days, suffering intensely.

Books needlework and a feeble attempt at drawing helped to fill the time; but it was not easy to be patient, and Esther was not yet perfectly saint-like, although she tried to be submissive.

Dr. Dun's practice was small, and much of his time at his own control, but he was an enthusiast in his profession, and gladly took much of the old doctor's gratuitous practice off his hands.

He had come to Millville as Dr. Wyck's assistant, to take his place when he retired, but the patients of the old doctor were a little shy of the new one.

"Ah—yes!" said Dr. Wyck, reading Miss Martha's note. "Little Essie Warren! Sad case," and the doctor entered into a long description of the case, summing up in the words, "Utterly hopeless! She may live for years, but she will never walk or stand."

It seemed to Herbert Dun when he entered the beautiful room where Esther Warren spent her long waking hours, that life even with pain, must be pleasant surrounded by such luxury, and the rare exquisite beauty of Esther's face pale, it is true, but delicately lovely, was a jewel worthy of exquisite setting.

There was a little flush upon the invalid's cheeks as the new doctor took a chair beside her, a light of hope in her large eyes that made his heart ache.

It was not long before Esther Warren under the grave professional manner, felt the power of this sympathy, and found herself expressing more freely than she had ever before spoken the hope that filled her heart, fully satisfied when Dr. Dun said:

"In a case of such long standing I cannot express an opinion at once, Miss Warren; but depend on me to give my most earnest study and care to it."

But if Dr. Dun could not restore strength to Esther Warren's crippled body it was not long before she felt her life flooded with a new strange happiness.

The hour that the new doctor spent with her every morning gladdened the whole day.

He was not a conceited man, and Essie seemed to him like a child, so that he was blind to the fact that he was gaining the heart of the cripp'ed heiress.

So when Martha invited him to spend some chance evenings there he went.

Essie was to him a patient; one who called on his professional skill frequently to cure the most agonizing suffering: and if he could also make some of her long lonely hours any brighter he gladly contributed his liveliest talk, his best tenor songs, his most courteous manner to the service.

But he never thought she loved him until Dr. Wyck answered his application for a month's holiday.

"Spare you? Why, yes I suppose I can get along. But I am afraid I have made a muddle of sending you to Esther Warren. Why didn't you tell me that you were engaged?

"I waited until I could offer Annie a home."

"You—you couldn't break your engagement, I suppose. You know you could have Esther Warren and her fortune for asking."

"I never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps you had better consider it. Now do not imagine that Essie has taken me into her confidence."

"She is as maidenly and modest as the most fastidious lover could wish," continued the old doctor; "but I have known her and loved her since she was a baby, and I can read her heart. Poor child."

His sigh was echoed by Dr. Dun.

"Will you believe me if I tell you that I never dreamed of this!" he said, earnestly. "Miss Warren seemed to me set apart by her suffering from earthly passions, and I should have as soon thought of loving a saint."

"She is very rich."

"Yes. I am glad she has every alleviation money can give her," said Dr. Dun, not appreciating the implied hint.

"And Miss Leigh. Is she wealthy?"

"My Annie! Bless you, no! But we are not afraid. I shall continue to live here for a few months, because Annie will select and furnish a house so much better than I can; but it will be the tiniest cottage."

"Well, you can go," said the old doctor, "and take my best wishes for your happiness."

But he said it in a dull, heavy tone, and his face was very grave when he called upon Esther.

"You must take me back for a month," he said, as cheerfully as if his heart was not like lead in his bosom. "My assistant has gone away."

Then he looked at Esther's farnery as if his whole soul was absorbed in ferns, and added:

"He has gone home to be married. It is quite romantic. A long engagement, with the wedding postponed by poverty on both sides."

He heard a quick, gasping breath, but did not turn his head, as he continued:

"What luck you have with your ferns. My maidenhair will never grow as yours does. Mrs Wyck says that raising flowers or ferns is a gift. She does not succeed as you do," and so on, and so on, until a clear voice, low, sweet and perfectly quiet, interrupted—

"Dr. Wyck, please come and sit here and tell me about Dr. Dun."

He told her all he knew.

"I feel very grateful to the doctor," Essie said, "for he has been more than kind, and I should like to make his wife a wedding present. I hope we shall be friends."

"I hope so," the doctor said.

He left her soon after, stopping in the hall to mutter:

"I had rather face the worst surgical operation I ever performed than repeat that."

But Essie made no moan.

Even Martha could only guess her pain, and before the new doctor returned to Millville his patient was her sweet placid self again.

But at the station Dr. Dun and his happy wife found Robert, the coachman, waiting with a carriage.

"Miss Esther's compliments, doctor," he said, "and will you allow me to drive you home?"

It was bewildering to be driven to the prettiest of cottages, which was brilliantly lighted.

A little maid-servant opened the door, and ushered the way to a drawing-room daintily furnished, where a note was laid conspicuously upon the table.

"It was directed to "Mrs Herbert Dun," and begged the acceptance of cottage and contents from the "doctor's grateful patient, Esther Warren."

"Ours!" the bride cried. "this pretty home is ours!"

And a happy home it proved as well as a pretty one.

Martha had made it as attractive and complete as possible, every room handsomely furnished, and many trifles of Essie's own work adding to its beauty, and the doctor accepted it with a most earnest resolution to pay her for it if skill and kindness could ever do so.

There is no more welcome visitor in the beautiful home of the crippled heiress than Annie Dun and if the children of the pretty cottage ever have a grievance, they are sure of sympathy and comfort from Essie, who stands in the place of a guardian angel in their hearts.

But there has never come to Essie any dream of love since she took Herbert Dun and his wife into the place of beloved brother and sister.

COURTESY.—The influence of many good people is undoubtedly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called benevolence in small things; however, good manners, self control, gentle speech, ready admiration must be, in their best sense, not a mere surface polish, but an index of general feeling, of unselfishness, and consideration for others; they are the offspring as well as the source of good will, since the whole nature must grow softer and sweeter from the constant practice of small self sacrifices for the good of others and in proportion as each individual succeeds, not in smothering candor, but in clothing it with the soft robes of kindliness and courtesy, will he, while himself approaching the highest ideal of human goodness, develop in others unsuspected depths of wisdom, generosity, and love.

M. S.

In Paris false ears are a new manufacture for the toilet. Ladies who think they have ugly ears place these decidedly artistic productions under luxuriant tresses of false hair, fasten them to the natural ears, and wear them for show.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A QUAINT TITLE.—A book was published in England during the protectorate of Cromwell, with the following title: "Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the waters of Divine Grace; take ye and eat."

RUDE SURGERY.—Some of the Asiatic tribes have a most curious way of curing wounds. They sew the wounded man in the skin of a bullock fresh stripped off the animal, leaving only his head out; and they leave him in it until the skin begins to putrefy. They say this never fails to cure the most desperate spear or sabre wounds.

A SMART FROG.—An old traveler says: There is a green frog at Koordistan which climbs trees, and catches flies and locusts like a cat, by striking out with its fore paw. I have often seen it perform this feat. It is in every respect like the common frog, but it is of apple green color, and smooth skin. I have seen them roosting in bushes at night.

THE SAVIOUR.—In the year 1656 James Naylor, of England, personated the Saviour, during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. He was tried for blasphemy, and sentenced by the House of Commons, to be scourged, and his tongue pierced with a hot iron. In 1591 another man proclaimed himself to be the Saviour, and was executed for blasphemy.

THE VALUE OF A SYLLABLE.—The masters of olden times at Athens, and afterwards at Oxford, England, were called Sophi, and the scholars Sophistæ; but the masters taking it in scorn that the scholars should have a larger name than they, called themselves Philosophi or Philosophers—that is, lovers of science, and so got the advantage of the scholars by one syllable.

THE WILL OF HEAVEN.—It is no uncommon practice of some of the native dignitaries in India when they contemplate any serious undertaking to direct two pieces of paper to be placed on the sacred volume of the country. On the one is written a wish, and on the other the reverse. A little boy is then brought in, and told to bring in one of the slips and whichever it may happen to be, the mogul is as satisfied as if it were a voice from heaven.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.—The old Russian custom of the bride, on the evening of the wedding day, taking off her husband's boot, in pledge of obedience, is still retained in some parts of the country, as also that of the husband depositing in one boot a sum of money, and in the other a small whip. If the young wife happens to hit first upon that containing the money, she keeps it—if not, her husband gives her two or three light cuts with the whip.—Hence, no doubt has arisen the universal opinion abroad, that the low born Russian makes known his love for his wife by the application of chastisement.

TWIN SISTERS.—It is related of two women who recently died in the same week in Scotland that they were twins—born within a few minutes of one another. As they grew up they were so much alike that it required an intimate acquaintance to be able to distinguish them. If one of them happened to be indisposed, the other was sure to be soon afflicted in the same way. On the same night, and in company together, they commenced a courtship with two young men, whom they afterwards married. They were married at the time, standing up together; and within a few days of each each other became the happy mothers of two fine boys.

SYBARITES.—These were inhabitants of Sybaris, a town in Italy, strong and wealthy; blessed with all the goods of fortune, and so skilled in the arts of luxury and ease, that their very horses were taught to move and form themselves as the music directed. Their constant enemies, the people of Crotona, observing this, brought a great number of harps and pipes into the field, and when the battle began, the music played, upon which these well-bred horses began to dance, which so disconcerted the whole army, that 300,000 were killed, and the whole people destroyed. Though this story seems a little fabulous, yet it contains, at least a very good moral.

TREGEAGLE'S HOWLS.—The old castle of Lanhydroc was recently burned in Cornwall. With it was associated a curious relic of an old belief. There was one room known as Tregeagle's, and said to have been occupied by an unjust steward of that name, whose avarice made him sell his soul to the devil in return for immense possessions. The story goes that at the expiration of their compact the house that he had built with his ill-gotten gains was swallowed up in the waters of Dozmare Pool, a lonely mere lying some miles to the northward, amid bleak and desolate moors. It is firmly believed by the peasantry about that Tregeagle is still to be heard howling on winter nights as the devil chases him with his hounds across the moors to Rock Hermitage, where he finds a temporary sanctuary. But he has to return the next day to Dozmare to resume his never-ending task of emptying the pool with a limpet shell, twisting ropes of the sand around its margin, and making up endless steward's accounts which can never be brought to balance properly.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY JASPER.

When day is done, and the glowing sun,
  Beyond the mountains far,
In the distant west has sunk to rest,
  Then beams the evening star.

Ere its comrades fair in their beauty dare
  Come forth in each shining car,
A pale light gleams over hills and streams
  From the beauteous evening star.

And when their ranks in bright phalanx
  Have gathered near and far,
On plains fair is the brightest there—
  'Tis the radiant evening star.

But while earth is bright with the soft starlight,
  It moves on its pathway far,
Amid western shades, until slowly fades
  The glowing evening star.

O, to be through life, with its care and strife,
  Above its puny war,
And a soft light shed o'er it's weary head,
  Like the placid evening star.

To shine most bright in the waning light,
  With a lustre soft and far,
Until all draw near with their torches clear —
  Then fade, like the evening star.

Jones' Folly.

BY J. F. CAMPBELL.

JONES was one of those fellows whom everybody liked and laughed at.

There was so much about him that was good, genial, and true hearted to attract attention; so much thoroughly inoffensive self conceit to provoke mirth.

In his young days, Jones had been in love.

Truly love is not born of beauty, but beauty of love.

Jones worshipped his clay goddess, and could never discover she was other than the finest marble.

Above all, when Death claimed her, he said, "She was too good for earth;" and while professing to have buried his heart with her, worshipped all the living sex for the sake of that one dead girl.

This sorrow befel Jones fully seven years before than, I am going to tell about, and as he was little more than twenty-one when he lost his lady love, it had become a sort of sentimental pleasure to talk about her, and of the utter impossibility of such a flame being again kindled in his bosom.

Now Jones was very proud of that bit of romance, though he spoke of the bygone time as the period when he "made a fool of himself."

He professed to have outgrown "all that sort of thing now."

Being myself in the state so unpleasantly described by Jones—in love—and looking forward to matrimony as the perfection of earthly bliss, I naturally felt very indignant at his mode of alluding to it.

Of course, in the first place, I was perfectly aware that I never made a fool of myself in the matter of my lady love as he did about his.

But I was no less fully resolved on vengeance; and I am going to relate in what manner I accomplished my purpose.

After pondering deeply on the ways and means in my power, I introduced Jones to my cousin, Julia Thornhill, who, with her widowed mother, had recently come to reside in a pretty cottage near the spot in which we two bachelors pursued the tolerably even tenor of our way.

A right sturdy, independent-spirited little person was Cousin Julia.

Not despising accomplishments, of which she had more than an average share, but resolutely persisting in doing a woman's homely domestic duties, without thinking it needful to offer an apology if found so occupied.

Jones, whose notions of females in general were rather too ethereal, inasmuch as he cherished the idea that their fingers were made for only dainty employments received his first lessons on the dignity of labor from Cousin Julia.

He even learned that the simplest and homeliest of household duties might be performed by the same hands which charmed sweet sounds out of the piano, and not a grace diminished even in his fastidious opinion by the knowledge that they were put to such varied uses.

But I knew another secret, which I did not communicate to Jones, for reasons which will be seen hereafter.

Julia was engaged.

My Aunt Thornhill had told me so a couple of years before; but with such strict injunctions not to mention it again, even to her daughter, who had forbidden its being talked of, that I, quite sufficiently occupied with my own love affairs, had never inquired, especially as my aunt said it was likely to be some time before it was brought to a termination.

Being pretty fully occupied elsewhere, I could not exactly note the progress of the acquaintance between Jones and my fair cousin.

I was a little surprised, however to find that within two months after his first introduction, Jones spent three evenings out of six at my aunt's cottage, without appearing to consider it at all derogatory to his dignity to visit persons who made no pretentions "to family."

The queerest part of it was that Jones and Julia never met by any chance without squabbling; for the lassie seemed resolved to upset all his favorite theories; especially about ladies.

Then, when Jones professed to yield to her womanhood what he would have denied to the sterner sex, Julia as determinedly refused all quarter, and contested every hair's breadth with him.

I had given Julia sundry hints, and we had one serious conversation about Jones, when I was quite delighted to find how completely her opinion of him coincided with mine.

It was after one of their usual squabbles, and the young woman was highly indignant at my friend for the manner in which he thought fit to speak of her sex.

"He talks of us," said she, "as though there was a general conspiracy to entrap him into matrimony. And for him to boast forsooth of being a determined bachelor! Then the creature goes on taking all possible possible pains to make the old ladies consider him a paragon. I know mamma does. She says he just reminds her of the days when she was a girl, for in those days the men were respectful to all ladies, and thought it a pleasure and honor to wait upon them. And what do you think she said besides?"

Here the pout on my bonnie cousin's face relapsed into the broadest of smiles.

"What, Julia?" I asked.

"Why, she believes that if her boy had lived he would have been much like Mr. Jones."

I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which Julia as heartily joined.

To explain this it is necessary to say that the young gentleman alluded to, my Aunt Thornhill's boy, died at the mature age of three weeks, and had been noted, during that belief existence only for his diminutive size.

The value of the intended compliment to Jones may therefore be pretty clearly appreciated.

"But what provokes me the most," continued Julia, "is that abominable speech—'I shall never make a fool of myself again,'" and she mimicked Jones's rendering of his favorite phrase so perfectly, that, despite my devotion elsewhere, I was impelled to salute her on the spot.

"I should like to see him sighing at your feet, Julia," said I.

"And so should I?" replied my cousin; and didn't her eyes flash as she spoke!

I had said quite enough. There was no use adding fuel to flame.

And Jones kept on getting, as I could see, more and more in love.

I well remember the eventful day. It was a bright morning, and Jones's eyes sparkled as he caught a glimpse of Julia in the garden, whither he followed her. I felt that the decisive moment had arrived, and that he had gone to declare his love.

Julia entered the little summer house.

Jones sauntered towards it, and after a brief pause entered also.

But I was not contented to know that his offered hand would be scornfully rejected.

I was resolved to witness that rejection. I would see him emerge from the spot covered with confusion; and he should know that I knew that he had not only "made a fool of himself" but was an unsuccessful donkey in the bargain.

I therefore stole quietly down the walk.

I approached the arbor.

I saw, without being seen—what!

Julia's head resting coyly on Jones's shoulder, the bit of her cheek that I could discern of the rosiest hue; while he, evidently in the seventh heaven, was kissing the cheeks, lips, forehead—in short, any part of the bonnie face that came handy, the young woman remaining quite passive during the operation.

I never was so bothered at the sight of anything.

Surely this was not what could be considered proper conduct, even in an adopted brother with all the privileges of a real one and I felt thoroughly disgusted at such conduct in an engaged young person.

So I stalked off to my aunt, and told her what I had witnessed, with many expressions of regret for having introduced Jones to her and her daughter.

"Well, I don't really see any cause for regret, my dear," said my aunt very quietly. "Mr. Jones is a very nice young man, and has always appeared very respectful to me."

"But aunt," said I, "Julia cannot marry two gentlemen at once; so what is to be done with that city beau of hers?"

"What do you mean?" said she. "Who ever said that my dear child had a beau in the city, or that she wanted to marry two gentlemen at once? I am sure that Julia would never have any beau without telling me; for a more dutiful or prudent girl never breathed. I am ashamed of you, Charles," added my aunt, and forthwith melted into tears at the bare idea of such accusations against her darling.

"And do you mean to say that you never told me that Julia had entered into an engagement with some gentleman in the city?" said I; "and that it was likely to prove a very advantageous one?"

"To be sure I did," she replied; "but what had that to do with matrimony?"

"Why, aunt," said I, "I always considered my engagement would end in that. You may have different notions; but if I had been jilted so shamefully——"

Here I was interrupted by a hearty burst of laughter from my aunt, who said, as soon as she could speak:

"You stupid youth: you are so full of your own matrimonial project that you think the word 'engaged' can allude to nothing else."

I shall not give my worthy aunt's somewhat prosy explanation, but the fact is, there had been a misunderstanding.

The engagement alluded to was one which Julia had entered into to write a series of articles and tales for a popular magazine.

By this labor, which had been well-performed and fairly remunerated, Julia had for some time provided, if not the bread for my aunt's house, certainly all the et ceteras which may be classed as the butter, beside laying by something for a rainy day.

Being truly modest, and a little sensitive withal, she had always insisted on concealing everything connected with her literary labors, from all but her mother.

The old lady, who considered her as a sort of Crichton in petticoats, was determined somebody else should know what a bright light Julia persisted in hiding under a bushel, and there intended to make me her confidant.

But some interruption left her tale unfinished, and me under the erroneous impression which led to the mortifying termination of my revengeful plans.

The moral of my story was plain. If you entertain anything like malice towards a good looking, good-hearted young man, of respectable family, and marriageable income, albeit he may be a trifle conceited, given to boasting, and possess carroty whiskers, do not use a pretty cousin as a cat's paw.

From my own personal experience I can predict disappointment; though Jones did nullify his oft-repeated boast, that no one would ever again "see him make a fool of himself."

He has been as proud as a peacock ever since Julia promised to become Mrs. Jones, and declared she considered John "the most manly, and altogether the most agreeable sounding Christian name in the world, though some people might be foolish enough to think it common."

How absurdly blind love does make some young persons!

We shall be having another generation of Jones by and by. Another branch added to the family-tree, of which my friend is so proud, and which already spreads over the length and breadth of the land.

LIPS.—Lips owe their extremely red color to the thinness of the covering membrane, and their sensitiveness to an abundance of minute nervous fibres. In a strong face the upper lip should extend beyond and dominate the lower. Fleshy lips are oftener found associated with a voluptuous, and thin ones with a passionate nature. Lips are delicious things—blessings of many agreeable concommitants, such as smiles, sweet words, and kisses. There is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure minded woman's kiss; it is the oasis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment when wearied with the unallowed passions of this work-o'-day world. Lips are emotion's dwelling place and passion's—their breathing giveth vitality to affections of all sorts, a friend's, a parent's, a sister's, a brother's, a lover's. Lips that that smile are gems.

A sudden liking for the study of natural history has evidently animated the providers of gentlemen's furnishing goods this season. Taking advantage of the attractions offered in the shop windows, a young gentleman may adorn himself with a calico shirt profusely sprinkled with cockroaches, a necktie with insane swine rushing violently over it, a cane with a chicken escaping from its shell for a handle, and a general assortment of beasts of the field, birds of the air, and creeping things upon handkerchiefs, scarf-pins, and sleeve-buttons, with which decorations he will appear more like an advance circus-agent than a resident of a commonplace community.

A worthy citizen, passing along a quiet street the other evening, was brought to a halt by loud cries, evidently of distress, which proceeded from an upper story in the house near him. "Oh, Henry! Henry! quick! the baby!" were the ejaculations, wildly uttered by a female voice, which startled the night. The citizen is a man of generous impulses, and is never found wanting in a case of distress. To open the front door, which luckily was unfastened, and to fly upstairs was the work of a moment, when he found that the baby—the pride of the family, the pledge of conjugal love, the innocent bud of promise—had cut a tooth!

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

AN old author speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any thing was given him, distinguished, by smelling, its qualities, and to whom it belonged, with as much certainty as the best-nosed dog. There is also on record an individual who could distinguish his own watch, from smelling, from that of other individuals, and could very readily detect with which hand any person opened the door of a room, by the smell left on it from the brass handle.

It was said of the above monk, that he could accurately distinguish, by this means, the virtuous from the vicious, and particularly the unchaste. He was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, he had undertaken to instruct mankind, with precepts, on the sense of smelling, like those we have on optics and acoustics, by distributing, into certain classes, a great number of smells, to all of which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.

The guides who accompany travelers in the route from Smyrna or Aleppo to Babylon have no signs in them out of the deserts to know the places they are in; yet they distinguish with certainty, even at midnight at what distance they are from Babylon, by only smelling the sand. Perhaps they judge of the distance by the odor exhaled by the small plants or roots intermixed with the sand.

Physicians, in visiting the sick, even before they have seen them, frequently form opinions from certain prognostics, such as the cadaverous smell that often betrays itself on entering the chambers of the afflicted.

It has long been supposed that dogs can foretell the death of a sick person, which they do by long continued howling. An anonymous author says, "In this respect, dogs are more sagacious than men, being attracted by the smell of death, and often seeming, before the patient has expired, to demand their prey by a continued howling. A lady of my acquaintance had a favorite monkey, and the monkey, in return for the kindness of his mistress, was so devotedly attached to her, that he would scarcely ever be induced to leave her. But his nice smell in distinguishing the approach of contagious distempers was very remarkable. The measles became epidemical in the country; the lady fell sick of them; and, what is very remarkable, she was abandoned by her favorite monkey some days before there was any indication of her approaching illness. From all the circumstances, there could be little doubt but he had a fore knowledge of this event from smell. No sooner, however, did she recover, than the monkey returned with the same fondness and familiarity which he used to manifest towards her before her malady. Some time afterwards, this lady had a slight fever, but without any appearance of malignity, and, what is curious the monkey continued with her as a constant companion.

The pleasure which different individuals experience from various odors, often depends on an acquired taste; and we find this in a greater or lesser degree national. The Turks, Persians, and Arabians deligat in the effluvia of opium, which to European taste is most disgusting. The natives of continental Europe, whether male or female, have long had a fondness for tobacco smoke, which, comparatively speaking, is yet but little relished here by either sex.

Some persons are delighted with the smell of a rose, while others cannot endure it. An instance is recorded of a person who fainted whenever subjected to the smell of celery, and another who took a headache whenever she sat near a pine-apple at table. Some savage nations experience high gratification at the smell of assafœtida, which Europeans consider the most nauseous smell in nature.

TO GIRLS.—Don't seek advice in love-affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a bachelor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocket-book, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister, he'll have the marriage fee in view. If you go to your family physician, he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody, why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, her advice will be best for many reasons. M. S.

A Rochester shoe-cutter who had his hand caught in some machinery placed a cobweb over the wound to staunch the flow of blood. The web contained a small spider, which stung the man so severely that his whole arm was swollen to twice its natural size.

Hanlan, the oarsman, has at last been vanquished; but it was not at the oars, the encounter being pugilistic. The victor was his brother, and the trouble arose from competition in the hotel business near Toronto.

WHAT IS LOVE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

What is Love?—a rainbow glory,
Cradled in a stormy cloud;
Glow-worm of a fairy story,
Spangling beauty's winding shroud.

Born in smiles, but nursed in sorrow,
Love's the child of weeping skies,
Though the rose's bloom it borrow,
Soon the fleeting splendor dies.

Yet with all of evil round it,
Like a jewel darkly set,
Dear as loving hearts have found it,
How can they its light forget?

There's a sweetness in its anguish,
There's a music in its sigh;
Hopes may wither, joys may languish,
Still it lives—it cannot die.

Though relentless fate may sever
Hearts that Love would fain unite,
Memory's star shall linger ever
O'er that fount of young delight.

All things fade away, and leave us;
Youth, and health, and fortune wane,
Hopes betray, and friends deceive us,
Still we hug Love's rosy chain.

Like the cloistered vestal, telling
Every holy bead with tears,
Love, in gentle bosoms dwelling,
Counts the joys of vanished years.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XLIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"HEAR me," continued Mr. Quarl, lowering his voice. "The accomplice you think dead not only lives but is in England. I need not say how inveterate against you his long imprisonment has made him. Hitherto he has been restrained from denouncing you."

"Paul Lynx!" faltered the diplomat.

"You have named him."

Never did any human being fall more suddenly from the full sense of security to the depths of despair; the sin which had haunted the assassin for years at last had found him. Vainly he turned over his mind the chances of escape; not a loop-hole remained.

"Living," he stammered. "Impossible!"

"You will find it true. His death was a fiction, cleverly contrived by your successor Mr. Percy Murray, and carried into effect by the influence of the duchess. The governor of the Alte Schloss, seeing that the days of the grand duke were numbered, lent himself to the deception, and wisely secured immunity for himself. Paul Lynx I repeat, is in London, eager for revenge. I spoke with him this morning. If you doubt my word I can produce him."

"No, no," interrupted the guilty man with a bitter laugh. "It must be as you state; I see it all."

"And consent to explain the mystery of your son's fate?"

"I must have three days to reflect."

"Take my advice, Mr. Berrington, and decide at once, and make some atonement for the long sufferings you have inflicted upon a good and virtuous wife."

"A shameless creature."

"Are you mad?"

"Utterly devoid of virtue," he reiterated. "Ask me for no explanation now; I must have three days to decide."

"What if we refuse?"

"I am prepared for the worst."

"You shall have the three days you ask," said his visitor, rising to take his leave. "I accord it in the hope that repentance will induce a better state of feeling; as for the accusation against Lady Estcott, I trust in charity it was launched in a moment of frenzy, for I unhesitatingly pronounce it infamous and unfounded."

Mr Berrington made no reply.

"On the fourth day from this I shall expect to hear from you."

"Fear not; I will be punctual to the very hour."

On his return home Mr Quarl related what had passed at the interview to his nephew whose surprise, however, did not equal the lawyer's. During his journey to England with Paul Lynx he had gleaned from the ex detective a full account of the manner in which he had been employed by Edward Berrington, and the particulars of his journey to Wraycourt.

"Why, Tom," exclaimed his uncle, "this absurd accusation does not seem to surprise you."

"I am as indignant as you are, my dear sir," replied the young man, "but it does not surprise me. It supplies the key to the gentleman's otherwise inexplicable conduct. He was jealous—madly, furiously jealous of the late Sir Ernest Alston."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow."

"His sister, I believe, encouraged him, but of that, at present, I have obtained no proof; although I trust I am on the track."

"Turned detective, Tom?"

"Only as an amateur."

"Success to your endeavors. And, tell me, when did you see Frank and his sister last?"

"Yesterday."

"And you have nothing to impart?"

"Nothing."

The lawyer regarded him anxiously.

"I had hoped——"

"Aye, sir, so have I hoped against hope; and yet there are times when I feel assured that Lucy feels something stronger than friendship for me."

"And not had the courage to test what that something is?"

Tom hung his head.

"At your age I would have done so."

"I have," replied the young man mournfully.

"And been refused?"

"Alas! yes."

The lawyer muttered the word "caprice" impatiently.

"Do not wrong her," continued her lover, "she even gave me to understand that I was not indifferent to her. But her mind has received a shock; a morbid sensibility bars my happiness. She fears—Heaven knows how unjustly—that I might live to regret a marriage with one who, although a mother, has never been legally a wife. If that fatal impression could be removed."

"What does Frank say?"

"He and Lucy both plead for me, with all the zeal of friendship; but her resolution remains unshaken."

"Look you, Tom," said his uncle; "I have remained a bachelor—why is best known to myself, but I am not so in love with the state that I wish you to follow my example. You owe me a grand-nephew—Zounds, sir, you owe me half a-dozen. The debt is a just if not a legal one, and if you do not make some arrangement towards paying it——"

"My dear uncle!"

"I shall propose to the lady myself. Not another word. I have business for you. A Colonel Mortimer, who has been recommended to me——"

"Another client."

"Can't well refuse him—is staying at Cheltenham, but it is impossible, in the present state of Lady Estcott's affairs, for me to leave town. You must go to him."

"Sir!"

"I have said it."

"If it is really your wish."

"It is my wish," continued the lawyer, whose object was to distract his attention from dwelling too much upon his disappointment by occupying his mind, and to give himself an opportunity of conversing with Frank and his sister. He had great faith in his influence with the latter, and determined to use it to promote the happiness of both, to which he could see no bar except a false delicacy.

"And when must I leave?"

"To night."

Tom Briarly felt too much gratitude and affection for his hasty and somewhat eccentric relative to hesitate, and yet the journey went sorely against the grain. He was in no mood to look over settlements, or give an opinion on abstruse points of law. Could he have seen the results of his visit to Cheltenham he would have hastened on the wings of hope.

Mr Quarl the next day drove down to the cottage at Richmond, where Lucy and her child continued to reside with Frank and his kind-hearted little wife, whose affection sustained her in her sorrow. It was not the husband nor the loss of rank that Lucy grieved for; her dream of love had long since vanished—contempt at the unworthy conduct of the earl had dissipated it; but it had left a wound to her self-respect time had failed to heal.

The lawyer was received more like a father than a valued friend. Little Ferdinand—the child had been named after his brother—ran boisterously to meet him.

"Uncle Quarl!" he exclaimed; "I am so glad you are come!"

"I wish I were your uncle," said the old man, kissing him.

Poor Lucy blushed deeply.

"I intend to try what my eloquence will do," said the visitor in a private conversation with Frank. "Tom's, I find, has failed."

The brother shook his head.

"Think I shan't succeed, eh?"

"I fear it, sir."

"Umph," muttered Mr Quarl. "Love making is not much in my way. If I were only convinced that she cared for my nephew——"

"I think I can answer for that."

"Then I answer for the result," replied the gentleman in a triumphant tone. "Lucy is a sensible girl, and will listen to reason. Once convinced that her scruples are absurd——"

"You will find it difficult to do so."

"I'll try. Keep out of the way if you see us in conversation. You understand?"

Frank nodded, and proceeded to take the hint.

The lawyer's powers were put to the test sooner than he anticipated, for, on turning down one of the garden walks he saw Lucy, seated under a cedar-tree, watching the gambols of her son.

The first approach to the subject denoted the tactician, his parallels being directed to the mother's heart.

"He really is a noble, handsome little fellow," he observed.

"Poor fatherless boy!"

"And why should he continue fatherless?"

"Oh, Mr. Quarl!"

"My dear Lucy," said the gentleman, "I claim an old man's privelege. Tom has no secrets from his uncle, and the disappointment he has met with greatly afflicts me. I know his nature too well. It is one of those rare ones which feels no second love. Feeling once, he feels for ever; and I shall descend to my grave with no better prospect than seeing him a lonely, solitary man like myself—nay, worse; he will have no nephew to sustain him."

"Mr. Briarly——"

"Call him Tom, my love."

"Tom, then, since you wish it, and, in truth, the name seems more familiar," resumed Lucy, "possesses talents and attainments that must ensure a position in the world."

"And why not share it with him?"

"And see his heart wrung, at slights paved upon his wife" exclaimed Lucy, bursting into tears. "No; I love—I respect him I mean, too well for that. Should I see a blush upon his cheek, and know it had been caused by me, I should die."

"Permit me to observe," answered Mr. Quarl, "that lawyers are not prone to blushing."

"My dear sir——"

"In a second place, neither himself nor wife would have anything to blush for. You were deceived by a bad man, who married you, well knowing that the law declared his union illegal; had Lord Rislip respected the bond, few but would have pardoned his want of confidence in the first instance. He thought proper, however, to violate it, and his conscience, I believe, avenged the crime. We will not, however, speak of him, but of Tom, my nephew. If you had witnessed his despair when he heard of your marriage. He loved you as a boy; your image was engraved upon his heart when that heart was young, fresh, and pure; pure it still remains, but no longer fresh. Sorrow," he added, "has dulled it."

"Loved me as a child!" repeated Lucy, scarcely conscious of the words that she uttered.

"I discovered it years ago. He has since confessed it."

"Loved me!"

"Lucy," said Mr. Quarl, who saw that his words had produced an impression, and wisely resolved to let it work its way, "I will not press you for a decision now, it would be inopportune and indelicate. Think of what I have said. I am an old man; the grave cannot be far distant; but not even for the hope of seeing my poor boy happy would I belie the sacred voice of conscience. An absurd human law declared your marriage illegal; but a higher one, which no enactments can break, declares you were the lawful wife of the late Lord Rislip. Be true to that law, to your own sense of dignity. Let not a false scruple destroy my nephew's happiness, deprive your boy of a father's protection, for I need scarcely add Tom would prove a father to him."

The speaker kissed her gravely and walked silently away, leaving Lucy buried in reflection. Once again she murmured as he disappeared:

"Loved me from his boyhood, and I not to have seen it."

CHAPTER L

ALTHOUGH Elisabeth Berrington had long ceased to feel anything like affection for the husband who had married her as a speculation, she was true to one instinct of her sex, maternal love. During her long absence from England she had never seen her son. She longed to fold him in her arms, to convince herself that she had something to care for and love.

It is extraordinary how powerful, as we advance in life, the desire of having some being on whom to lavish the affection becomes, especially in women. Love is the keystone of their nature; the flowers may vary, take all kinds of capricious forms, but the spring is the same—the deep fountain of the heart, that perennial source which not even solitude can dry. It may trouble the water, for a time, but they subside again.

It was some time before she could discover the residence of the woman to whose charge the infant had been committed. The husband either could not or would not afford the information. He had formed other ties, and cared only that his pension was regularly paid.

"It is some time now since I saw Mrs. Hewson," he said in answer to her enquiries.

His wife regarded him reproachfully.

"I knew that the boy was well," he added; "and that satisfied me."

"She must be found," observed the lady.

"All I know is that she has changed her abode."

"She must be found," repeated Elisabeth Berrington calmly. "I can no longer forget my duty if you have abandoned yours. Not another shilling of your allowance shall you have till I have seen my boy."

As it was very near being due this threat was most alarming.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

"In that case I shall make our marriage known."

"Indifferent to me."

"Appeal to your brothers."

"They will not listen to you."

"Their pride will."

"John has no pride," observed his wife, "except the pride of wealth, and a penniless brother in law is not likely to touch that. As to Edward, I fear he is dying."

"The law."

"The law," interrupted Elisabeth scornfully. "You show me how worthless was the man to whom I sacrificed myself, but the law will give you nothing. Every shilling of my father's legacy is forfeited in the event of its being proved that I married before his death."

The speculating husband looked blank.

"But I need not tell you this," continued the speaker in the same unruffled tone; "you have doubtless read his will."

The gentleman had read it.

"Besides, in the event of your venturing on such a step, do you know how I should act?"

"Compromise, if you are wise," was the reply.

"Nothing of the kind."

"How then?"

"Employ every means money can command to search out your past life. There must be some flaw or spot in it. Fidelity, unless to your own interests, is not in your nature."

"Jealous!" exclaimed her husband, affecting to laugh.

"Absurd!"

"It sounded like it."

"Be undeceived then," answered Miss Barrington; "to me it is a matter of the most profound indifference what ties you have formed, so far as affection is concerned. Not so for my son. He is the one being left to me. You have heard my decision, the only condition on which you can continue your life of profligacy and ease. This indifference to the fate of your son has broken the last tie between us. Find out this Mary Hewson. It was on your recommendation I entrusted the child to her, or never see me no more."

The lady departed, well knowing the effect her threats of stopping his income would produce. The event proved that she was correct in her calculation. A few days brought the required intelligence.

Mr. Harcourt—our readers have not forgotten the name of the husband we presume—had some considerable difficulty in discovering the abode of the woman, who, having a certain income in the pension she received for her charge, had naturally fallen a prey to one of those designing men who, too lazy to work, speculate on the weakness of the unprotected; and Mary Hewson, unfortunately, was doubly so—unprotected either by principle or virtue.

On her visitor inquiring after the boy she appeared confused, but he insisted upon an answer.

"I have given you one; I can't tell exactly where he is," she replied.

"That won't do for me."

"You will get no other then."

"I am his father."

"You!"

"Have you forgotten me, or is this affected forgetfulness only a pretence?"

"Well, Mr. Harcourt," said the woman, "now I look again I do begin to recognise you. But it is years since I saw you; and, mercy on us, how you are changed."

"Time has not improved *you*," retorted the visitor.

"Well, I dare say not," replied Mrs. Hewson. "Heaven knows I've had troubles enough to change me. I dare say very few escape them. The boy is not in London."

His father knew that she was lying, but waited to hear her out.

"Where is he, then?"

"Well, you see, his health was rather delicate, and he took a voyage with a brother of mine."

"And how long is it since he sailed, this brother of yours?"

"Nearly a month."

"Where to?"

"I can't exactly remember the name of the place; but some port in Spain. He goes every year, and brings back fruit and wine to the owners. George was delicate, and everyone said the trip would do him good. And now," she added, "I hope you are satisfied."

"If I am, it is more than his mother will be."

"What!" exclaimed the woman in great alarm; "is the lady in England?"

"This week past."

Mary Hewson clasped her hands despondingly.

"You will see her in a day or two."

"How unfortunate."

"It is rather unfortunate," observed the gentlemen, who, thinking it would be advisable to tide over explanation, if possible, till after quarter day, did not feel disposed to question too closely the account she gave. "You are a mother yourself, I believe."

"Three children sir."

"Well, then, being a mother, you can imagine the kind of questions the lady will be likely to put to you. She is not of a very affectionate nature. It will be more difficult to deceive her reason than her heart. You had better reflect on your replies."

"Thank you, sir."

"And recollect the name of the port the ship is bound to is Cadiz."

Mary Hewson wrote it with a piece of chalk over the chimney piece of her little parlor.

"When may I expect to see her?"

"To-morrow, I should think," replied her visitor, as he took his leave.

Interest makes up excellent actors, and amateurs frequently rival the professionals. When Elizabeth Berrington made her appearance the following day, Mrs. Hewson received her with her eyes full of tears. Was ever anything so unfortunate? She had done all for the best. The dear young gentleman had worked so hard at his books, and pleaded so earnestly, she had not the heart to refuse him.

With all her astuteness, the mother felt satisfied.

"Is he much grown?" she asked.

"Almost outgrown his strength, and is so handsome—just your eyes. Only to think that he should be away! But the ship will be back in a month."

It was a long time to wait, but, having waited so many years, Elizabeth Berrington governed her impatience, and took her departure, perfectly satisfied of the truth of the story she had heard. Her mind, too, was agitated by other and equally important feelings. Her brother Edward was dying. From the day of Mr. Quarl's visit he had commenced sinking rapidly. It was evident he could not last long, and it was a serious consideration how he would dispose of his fortune.

Wraycourt, she well knew, was settled; but the personal wealth of the diplomat was far more considerable than even his landed estate.

Her aim was to secure that, and then, arise what might, she would be prepared to meet the world.

At one time she had thought of confessing her marriage to her brother, and introducing her son to his notice; but a prudent doubt restrained her. The experiment would be a hazardous one. It might succeed, or destroy at a blow the carefully cultivated influence of years.

And thus she resolved to wait.

It might not have been wisely decided, but, in her brother's present state, regret that she had not carried out the project came too late.

At the expiration of the three days Mr. Quarl waited upon the ex-diplomat. Although a man of strong nerve he was both shocked and surprised at the extraordinary change that had taken place in his appearance. The eyes were glaring and defiant as ever, but the muscular part of the face had so fallen away that the countenance of the guilty man resembled a death's-head covered with very white parchment drawn tightly over it.

"I am sorry to see this change," he observed, "but trust it proceeds from remorse and regret for the past."

"Did you expect to find me fresh and full of health," demanded Mr. Berrington sharply, "after having a fire you well knew nothing could extinguish implanted both in heart and brain?"

"This is terrible."

"It is terrible," replied the sufferer. "Your client may rest satisfied when you describe the utter wreck she has made of me."

"It is not my client's fault, but the result of your bad passions."

Mr. Berrington laughed bitterly.

"Have you forgotten what she endured," continued his visitor, "treated as a maniac for years, deprived of her liberty, outraged in the tenderest feelings as a wife and mother?"

"Have I not been outraged in feelings equally dear?"

"I do not understand you. If you entertain any absurd suspicion that Lady Eastcott ever proved faithless to her marriage vows——"

"Go on, sir, pray go on."

"Let me entreat you to dismiss it from your mind as a delusion, bred of suspicion and most unfounded jealousy."

"As her lawyer you can do no less."

"I speak as a man, Mr. Berrington."

"You have come for an answer to your proposal?" said the latter.

Mr. Quarl bowed in the affirmative.

"What if I decline all explanation?"

"You will die with a great sin unrepented of."

"Die!" repeated the husband of Clara; "now there it is; you see that I have not many days to live; you can almost count the hours, for they are numbered. Where are now your threats? Before the majesty of death they fall powerless—a mockery. I can defy you and the world."

Mr. Quarl raised his hand and pointed to heaven.

"You are confounding your vocation, sir," said Mr. Berrington haughtily; "the law is your profession, and not the Church."

"It is the vocation, I trust, of every man to speak the words of truth to an erring fellow creature. Death may place you beyond the reach of mortal justice, but there is a judge we can neither deceive nor fly from. Think, and whilst there is time make your peace with him."

"You talk this well, sir."

"I speak as I feel. Think of the reputation you must leave behind you."

The Hon. Edward Berrington laughed a second time. He had long since ceased to care for the opinion of the world; in fact he rather prided himself on braving it.

"About the worst argument you could offer."

"Then I pity you."

"Listen to me, Mr. Quarl. Strange as the avowal may seem, I do believe that you are an honest man, and I will deal frankly by you. Any appeal you make to my sense of justice, as you term it, I tell you candidly is thrown away."

"Your honor, then."

"Destroyed," replied the invalid bitterly, "by a shameless wretch."

"Madness! madness."

"I do wish the world," continued Mr. Berrington, "to judge me—I am past caring for its verdict—but to know that if as a husband I have been deeply injured, I know how to avenge myself. Your client shall be satisfied. Her son still lives."

"Thank Heaven!"

"He shall inherit Wraycourt a noble place filled with historical recollections and relics of a race noble—very noble. The best blood in England runs in the veins of my son, by his mother's side. I am, you are aware, one of plebeian stuff."

"Your father rose by his own industry to fortune, and left an honorable name. The heralds, Mr. Berrington, can trace no prouder descent."

"At least, it is an honest one. Fix your day; it must be an early one," added the dying man with a sickly smile. "Let Lady Eastcott attend with what friends she pleases. In face of my assembled family I will explain the reasons of my conduct, and present to her her son."

"Is this serious?"

"Perfectly."

"It will be a sad trial to my client," observed the lawyer, "and I wish it could be spared her. Reflect on what she has suffered."

"And what have I not suffered?" demanded the jealous husband passionately. "Has my existence been a bed of roses, think you?"

"I can imagine that the sharp thorns of memory have left their wounds," answered Mr. Quarl. "A great crime, even when hidden, becomes its own avenger."

"I have confessed no crime," said Mr. Berrington moodily. "You place strange confidence in the assertions of this Paul Lynx. Our position is changed since we met last. It is now my turn to dictate terms; my deathbed becomes a car of triumph. You have heard the only conditions on which I consent to draw the impenetrable veil which conceals the mystery."

"I have no alternative, I must accept it."

A sigh of relief, almost of pleasure, escaped from the closely pressed lips of the husband of Clara, and his head sank back upon his pillow.

"The day," he murmured; "the day."

"Wednesday."

"Be it so. I shall last till then."

The dying man appeared to possess a singular knowledge of the length of time his disease promised to leave him master of.

"Mind," he added, "the presence of my wife, or I am dumb."

Clara was greatly shocked when informed of the approaching dissolution of her husband, the intelligence being totally unexpected.

"I think," observed the lawyer, "that he will do you justice."

"To my reputation—yes; but what can do justice to my feelings as a mother deprived for years of the presence of her child, the dignity of the wife outraged and insulted."

"Death pays nearly every debt," observed Mr. Quarl.

"True. Let him return my boy, and I forgive him."

When informed of the proposed meeting, Miss Gertha Boschier and Dr. Bray insisted on accompanying her to the interview.

"At your age, my dear kind cousin," observed her ladyship, "the exertion may be too much."

The old maid would listen to no objection.

"I owe it to our name," she observed; "and, Clara, my love, I have a caution and a counsel to give you. I am more clear sighted than the lawyer, and can read your husband's intentions; they are wicked and cruel. Be cautious how you believe his assertions respecting your son. Demand proof of every word he asserts."

"And, when proved?"

"Doubt still!" said Miss Gertha. "He may have been himself deceived."

CHAPTER LI.

At the termination of his journey Tom Briarly felt anything but disposed to enter into the dry details of the professional business for which he supposed Colonel Mortimer required his assistance, and the feeling was increased by the look of disappointment which pierced the well bred courtesy with which his new client received him.

The Colonel had evidently expected to see a much older man.

"I could have wished," he said "Mr. Quarl had found it convenient to visit me himself."

Tom devoutedly echoed it.

"The affair I have to consult him upon requires not only great experience in a professional point of view, but considerable knowledge of the world."

"I have been trained in a lawyer's office," observed Tom dryly.

The gentleman smiled; he understood all that the observation implied.

"It was impossible for my uncle to leave town at this juncture," added the speaker, "and but for the recommendation of the old and valued friend whose letter of introduction you forwarded, I question if we could have undertaken any new case. Our hands are full—literally full."

"Accept my thanks in advance," said the old gentleman blandly. "Permit me to add that money is not an object with me."

"Nor with us," answered his visitor in the same tone.

"A singular young man," thought the colonel.

"A soldier, with all the prejudices of his class, thinks money can do everything. Little does he imagine how I loathe it," was the reflection which passed through the brain of the young man.

"Perhaps you will favor me by dining with me?" said the new client. "I have certain papers to arrange to make my statements clear. May I count upon your acceptance?"

Tom, who would much rather have been left to the indulgence of his own thoughts, bowed acceptance, and all the more readily as it promised relief for the present.

"At six, then," said the colonel.

"At six," repeated the young lawyer, taking his leave.

"Uraph! Sedate beyond his years," muttered Colonel Mortimer as the door closed after him. "There is power in that head—great determination and perseverance. Perhaps, after all, the arrival of the nephew instead of the uncle may prove an advantage where decision and energy are required."

Little did the speaker imagine how faithful and zealous an ally he had got.

Tom Briarly, who had passed the intervening hours chewing the cud of sweet and sweet and bitter fancies, presented himself at the appointed hour. Punctuality is the politeness of a true gentleman, and the young lawyer was one in mind as well as feeling.

Dinner passed, as dinners between persons who meet for the first time generally do, without much conversation on either side.

"May I offer you some wine?" inquired the host.

It was declined.

Colonel Mortimer rang the bell, and as soon as the table was cleared his valet brought a heavy old fashioned Indian desk from the adjoining room, placed it before his master, and silently withdrew, after receiving orders that he was on no account to be disturbed.

"At the risk of wearying you," said Colonel Mortimer, "I must relate to you certain passages in my early life. Do not be alarmed. I will be brief as possible, for they are painful to dwell upon. I do this not to engage your sympathy, but simply because it is absolutely necessary, to enable you to understand the case in which I require your assistance."

Tom bowed.

"At the age of sixteen I found myself dependent upon the will of a relative who held a high military command in India. I had never seen him. His letters, though brief, were not unkind, but he exacted the most implicit obedience. It was his will that I should be educated for the same profession as himself. At eighteen I obtained my commission in an infantry regiment. By the death of a female relative I became entitled to the sum of five thousand pounds. I smile at the sum now, then it appeared a fortune—boundless wealth!"

"Not to tire you. I married the daughter of a country clergyman, bereaved by death of her only stay. I never regretted it. We were happy—most happy. But I will not tire you with an old man's recollections of feelings which can have no interest to a gentleman of your profession."

Tom Briarly smiled bitterly.

"The same year saw me a father and my child motherless. It was the first blight, and I felt it keenly. To add to my distress," he continued, "I received a letter offering me a staff appointment in India. General Mortimer had not heard of my marriage. I knew his views upon the subject, and with culpable weakness had concealed the fact from his knowledge. I plead for change, regret was consuming me. In short, I confided my infant daughter, the pledge of my short lived wedded happiness, to the care of a friend—a man whose name stood high in the world for integrity and honor. To induce him to undertake the charge I placed in his hands half my fortune, with the understanding that in the event of my child's death it was to become his."

"That was imprudent," observed the young lawyer.

"I begin to suspect so," said the old man with a sigh.

"Was he rich?"

"No; of moderate means, acquired by marriage."

"A temptation!"

"I have lately regarded it in that light. I had not been more than three years in India before I received a letter from him enclosing the certificate of my daughter's death. I believed him. Gradually our correspondence became less frequent. The exciting scenes around me left but brief time to regret. I rose in my profession, and by the time the war was ended found myself rich. The death of my relative added to my wealth."

"I presume, colonel," said his hearer, "you married again."

"Never! Smile if you will, but you may believe me whilst you smile, I never knew a second love. Possibly you cannot understand such constancy to a name—a regret?"

"I can; few better," answered Tom with a deep drawn sigh.

His client regarded him sharply, to ascertain perhaps whether he was sincere or only acting with him. Satisfied of the first, he proceeded:

"After a career prosperous beyond my expectations, I had almost said my hopes, I returned to Europe a rich but broken man, without friends, without ties, no child to love me and inherit the wealth I had toiled for."

"I understand, but pardon me if I ask—"

"I must tell my tale my own way," interrupted Colonel Mortimer. "It is a tangled skein, and difficult to unravel. When you have heard it all then question me."

His legal adviser nodded acquiescence.

"A feeling I can scarcely define," continued the narrator, "induced me to visit the village where my child had died. It was my intention to erect a costly monument to her memory. On my arrival I enquired for my friend. He had long since quitted the place."

"But you discovered his whereabouts?"

"No; he had left no trace, nor kept up any communication with his former friends there. It struck me as singular, but my suspicions were not yet awakened."

"May I ask what first excited them?"

"You shall hear. I had given orders for the monument, and returned to my solitary hotel when the landlord informed me that the village sexton wished to speak with me. Deeming the man had called in the hope of obtaining a gratuity, I sent him out a guinea. I had no heart to listen to his gossip. To my surprise it was returned to me."

"Returned?"

"With the following message. 'The sexton did not come to me for the money but to see and speak with me.' It was accompanied with a threat that if I refused I should regret it."

"Strange!"

"It struck me so."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes."

"Now, colonel," said Tom Briarly, who began to feel interested in his narrative, "I must beg of you to be most particular in relating what passed at the interview. It is evidence."

"I will be careful," replied his client; "not that there exists the slightest fear of my forgetting a single word he uttered—my heart registered every syllable as they fell from his lips. Having satisfied himself that I was the father of the Ellen Mortimer whose death was recorded in the registers of the church, he proceeded to inform me that the child had *not died* as was generally believed in the village, but had been removed by her treacherous guardian, and a coffin filled with stones buried in her place, that for several years he had received a considerable sum as the price of his connivance and silence. At first I thought he was mad."

"Surely you had the grave examined?"

"Yes."

"And the result?"

"Confirmed the statement of the sexton, which the magistrates took down in writing, and made him attest upon oath. That done, I used every exertion to discover the retreat of the treacherous guardian. They had hitherto been in vain."

"Have you no clue?"

"A faint one," replied the colonel sadly. "Of all the letters containing money forwarded to the sexton, he had retained but one. It bore the postmark of a village in Devonshire—Wraycourt."

"Wraycourt?" repeated Tom Briarly starting from his chair.

"Yes. Do you know the place?"

"I was borne there."

"How singular!"

"One word," said the young man. "The name of the man you confided in—the treacherous villain, the false friend—was Beecham?"

It was now the turn of his client to look surprised. So great was his agitation that for several instants he remained speechless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REGRET.

BY S. M. D.

You said, "I love you;" was it so?
  Once I believed those words you know,
When in the misty autumn light
  We paused to whisper just "Good night!"

To you the words new meaning bore;
  For me, good bye, and nothing more,
Till, startled by your earnest gaze,
  My heart leaped up in quick amaze;

Then sudden clasped me to your breast,
  O e m must hold, O was it best
To say, "Dear friend, I love thee more
  Than e'er I thought to love before?"

"No! it cannot, it cannot be!"
  I cried, "that you should care for me;
Alas! confession seeks too late
  The loving answer you await."

Another claims my plighted troth;
  Respect and love I owe him both,—
Yet blinding tears obscured my sight
  That I could only say, "Good night!"

The United Latchkeys

BY ALPHEUS

EDWARD BURKE a well meaning citizen of Ohio many took unto himself a fair daughter of the Blue Grass State for a wife

Unfortunately for him, his pretty spouse was not the mildest-tempered woman living, and shortly after marriage she evinced a disposition to make his life miserable.

For some time he bore up manfully under his severe probation, but at last, overcome by the weight of his sorrow, and the disappointment of his fondest hopes he applied to a friend, one Ebenezer Bluful, for a specific to ameliorate his condition.

The latter advised him to join a certain club, The United Latchkeys, for the most part composed of bachelors, who met every evening

Furthermore, Bluful, being a member, undertook to introduce him.

That evening both wended their way to the club house. On the road Bluful informed Burke that previous to being considered a brother member he must undergo initiation He did not relish this idea, for he had heard what it was to be initiated; but he was not the man to falter, so he nodded approvingly. They arrived at their destination, and Bluful gave three loud knocks on the door.

"Who goes there?" asked a deep voice from the other side

"The ace of spades," responded he.

The portals were thrown open, and they passed in under the leadership of a man robed in white his face concealed by a black mask, and armed with a large cavalry sabre.

They were ushered into a hall resplendent with the light of wax candles. On an elevated chair sat a man dressed like their conductor, but whose head revelled in a cocked hat. Around him on chairs sat the remaining members of the society, masked and robed in white.

As soon as the three entered the hall, all stood up, and the man in the cocked hat asked, in a bass voice:

"What unbeliever dares to intrude upon the privacy of our temple?"

Bluful answered:

"A poor deluded married man, Most Worthy Chief, who desires now to become a brother."

"'Tis well!" responded the Worthy Chief.

He then struck a table near him three times with a gavel, and the crowd gave three loud groans

Burke was now blindfolded and conducted to a post which stood in the centre of the room. This he was commanded to climb. He did so, and reached within a few feet of the top, when he thought he would descend. He came down, and very rapidly, as the post was greased, a fact which escaped his attention in the process of ascension.

However, he did not reach the ground immediately as in the interval of his climbing a tub of ice water had been placed beneath him, into which he disappeared.

After allowing him to float about promiscuously for a few minutes, two of the members pulled him out, and unbinding his eyes, gave him dry clothing, and a few minutes to prepare for the next ordeal

They brought him forward again, and he looked as prime and as fresh as a rose, after his ducking.

A foot-ball was now placed before him, at which he was to kick. He asked if he might run at it and was answered in the affirmative.

Now, Burke was not backward in athletic sports, so he made a tremendous kick at the ball, but it didn't budge And why should it, when it was loaded with lead. If the ball was not put in motion, however, Burke was, for, with a cry of pain, he grabbed his foot and waltzed around the room very rapidly

After awhile his unseemly exuberance of animal spirits was spent, and he was requested to bring to the chief a poker that reposed in the corner. He used it, but—

Stop; let me ask a question. Where is the man who can hold on to a poker raised to a high degree of heat?

Alas! with the stupid speaker I must answer, "Nowhere, sir—nowhere, and I defy anybody to deny it."

Burke was mortal so it is natural to expect that he dropped the poker, and immediately endeavored to put his whole hand into his mouth

His initiation here ended, and, the members throwing off their disguises, he recognized among them many of his acquaintances who complimented him on his grit and endurance. They then gathered at a table, and the bottle was passed around freely

Burke became very tipsy, and arose to make a speech

"Fellers citizens and women folk" he said, "yer all see 'fore yer a wreck of humanity (hic) a man (hic), bowed down by weight of woe! Yeas fellers 'panions this is the winter of our discontent, and I fear gen men, I fear (hic) everybody ain't all right—no sirr! I'm quite sure somebody's wrong 'cause s'ciety is based on rotten foundations, gen men, as my friend Bluful will speechify—"

At this point the club cheered loudly, and Burke sat down, with the corners of his mouth meeting at the back of his neck In other words, he was smiling—actually smiling

The meeting continued half an hour longer, and during that time Burke talked about every imaginable thing, and sang more songs in five minutes than a professional singer could give vent to in an hour After the members adjourned, he staggered home, and on the way excused himself to three ash barrels and a lamp post for falling against them.

Arrived at his residence, he got safely in, but not before he had wasted fully fifteen minutes in vain endeavors to open the door with a button hook, all the time muttering, "Somebody's been foolin with the combinashun!"

HONEIN'S SHOES.—The proverbs of people are often illustrated by, or take their rise in, stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule Here is an instance: There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began the cobbler asking twice the proper price and the Bedouin offering half. The son of the desert, however, was impatient, and before the proper mean had been arrived at gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and seeing the shoe said to himself, "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes. If the other were but with it I would take them." Honein had in the meanwhile gone on further still and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe he rejoiced having left the first, but, tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honein at once mounted and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

A widower a-courting—"Ned," she said to him, pensively, in a tone implying total lack of confidence in herself, "I don't think I can ever come to you what your first wife was." "Great Cæsar, Mary!" was the enthusiastic response, "if I thought that I'd never marry you to-morrow."

THOSE of our readers who have not already written for a cake of the Frank Siddalls Soap to be sent them by mail, should not allow another day to go by without attending to it.

The Soap is one of the most startling discoveries of modern times, and is destined to effect a complete revolution in washing clothes.

This Paper is not interested in the success of the Soap except that its use will benefit every housekeeper who will put aside all little prejudices and give one honest trial to the new easy way of washing.

That every reader of the Post can try one time for themselves what a most startling invention has been made, a regular 10-cent cake of the Soap will be sent them by mail postage prepaid if the promise is sent that it will be used exactly according to directions, although the postage alone is 15 cts.

Exhibits and Hints

SANDPAPER.—To make sandpaper, crush glass under a runner, and sift it into about six sizes; coat a good quality of Manila paper with thin glue, and dust the pulverized glass over it. Sometimes two coats of glue and glass are thus applied to the paper.

FIXING SKETCHES.—To fix pencil sketches so they will not rub out, take well skimmed milk and dilute with an equal bulk of water. Wash the pencil marks with this liquid, using a soft camel's hair flat brush, and avoiding all rubbing. Place upon a flat board to dry.

BOTTLED LEMONADE.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms of acetic acid; four ounces of tartaric acid: when cold, add two penny worth of essence of lemon. Put one sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use

LIQUID FUEL.—It is predicted that coal will soon be superseded by liquid fuel for the generation of steam both on land and sea, and that it in turn will give way to electricity for the propulsion of motive power. Experiments are being made which are expected to demonstrate that the work now accomplished by a ton of coal, costing $4 to $4 25, can be performed by thirty gallons of crude petroleum, costing less than a dollar.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—It has been suggested that two Arctic expeditions about to set out from San Francisco should each carry coils of light steel wire, which could be easily transported over ice and snow on sledges, for the purpose of maintaining communication between the exploring parties and the bases of supplies from which they push forward into an unknown and perilous region. It is said that the wires could be rapidly laid as each party proceeded and constant telegraphic communication kept up with comparatively slight additional cost and labor.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A remedy for the objections to the introduction of the electric light indoors is proposed in the shape of a battery for the generation of electricity. This battery is worked by a new combination of chemical ingredients not yet published, and the current produced is transmitted directly by wires to the lamps. The resulting flame is stated to be absolutely colorless and of great steadiness and permanence. At a recent trial a 20 cell battery was charged and at intervals of 30 hours between each exhibition a faultless light of nearly 200 candles was yielded for about a month without replenishing.

RELIEVING PAIN.—A Frenchman has constructed an apparatus for relieving pain by mechanical vibration. It consists of a tuning fork kept in constant vibration by an electro-magnet, and the tremors thus produced are communicated directly to the skin by means of a rod. The efficacy of vibration is no doubt due to the irritating effects of the shocks on the terminal twigs of the nerves, and it is expected that many kinds of pain will be dispelled by the use of this appliance. When the nerves are not too deep seated, the apparatus is said to be capable of charming away neuralgia in a few minutes. When it is applied to the skull it produces a sense of giddiness and a desire to sleep.

Farm and Garden.

CORN.—An intelligent farmer says that the leaves and stalks from an acre of corn are worth as much to feed to stock as the hay which could be raised upon the same amount of land.

BUGS.—There is no agent that will protect the vines from the ravages of the striped bug and squash bug so effectively as paris green when applied to the vines as it is to potatoes for destroying the beetle. It is also efficient in destroying the rose bug.

LEATHER HOSE.—To preserve leather hose, belting, etc., in good condition, freely apply crude castor oil, warmed if possible. It increases the pliability of the leather and the oiling of belts. It does not become rancid, and rats avoid it. In hose it should be pumped in under considerable pressure, thus thoroughly filling the pores.

EGGS.—To test the age of eggs says an old recipe, dissolve about 4½ ounces of common salt in a little over two pints of water. An egg put in this solution on the day it is laid will sink to the bottom; one a day old will not reach quite to the bottom of the vessel; when three days old it will swim in the liquid; while one more than three days old will swim on the surface

TARRED ROPES.—Tarring ropes, it has been shown, slightly diminishes their tenacity against a pulling strain, but a tarred rope maintains a high average of tenacity much longer than an untarred one, by reason of the protection the tar affords against atmospheric and other causes of deterioration. The quantity of tar found most suitable is about 15 per cent of the weight of the rope.

MUTTON CHEAPER THAN PORK.—The cheapest meat for the farmer is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from a sheep of a good breed will pay for its keeping. Then for additional profit, there is a lamb or two, the pelt of the animal, if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings, and the riddance of the pasture from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat.

TROUBLESOME INSECTS.—These may infest your plants and if allowed to remain do much damage. Green fly—not always green, but varying from yellow to green according to what it eats—is the commonest pest and the easiest to get rid of. You may bruise them to death between your fingers with a sponge or brush; but if you merely rub them off, they fall down only to jump up again. Better take your plants out to the back kitchen or wood shed, and there wash off all vermin. This you can do with clean water In green houses, fumigating with tobacco smoke and dipping the crops (never the roots) of plants in tobacco water are the ways to destroy green fly. Red spider is a miserable insect, exceedingly destructive and hard to eradicate. It appears like brown, red or yellow particles of dust, usually on the under side of the leaves. Its presence is observable by the scarred, sickly, yellowish look of the leaves. Frequent and thorough washings with water will effectually remove it.

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SIXTIETH YEAR.

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Recipients Heard From," on PAGE TWELVE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1881.

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CHARACTER

AMONG the happiest and proudest possessions of a man is his character, it is a wealth, it is a rank of itself. It usually procures him the honors, and rarely the jealousies, of fame, like most treasures that are attained less by circumstances than ourselves.

Character is a more felicitous reputation than glory. The wise man, therefore, despises not the opinion of the world, he estimates it at its full value, he does not wantonly jeopardize his treasure of a good name, he does not rush from vanity alone, against the received sentiments of others, he does not hazard his costly jewel with unworthy combatants, and for a petty stake.

He represents the legislation of decorum. If he be benevolent, as well as wise, he will remember that character affords him a thousand utilities, that it enables him the better to forgive the erring, and to shelter the assailed. But that character is built on a false and hollow basis, which is formed not from the dictates of our own breast, but sorely from the fear of censure.

What is the essence and the life of character? Principle, integrity, independence! or, as one of our great old writers hath it, 'that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery.' These are qualities that hang not upon man's breath. They must be formed within ourselves; they must make ourselves—indissoluble and indestructible as the soul. If, conscious of these possessions, we trust tranquilly to time and occasion to render them known, we may rest assured that our character, sooner or later, will establish itself.

We cannot more defeat our own object than by a restless and fevered anxiety as to what the world will say of us. Except, indeed, if we are tempted to unworthy compliances with what our conscience disapproves, in order to please the fleeting and capricious countenance of the time. There is a moral honesty in a due regard for character which will not shape itself to the humors of the crowd. And this, if honest, is no less wise. For the crowd never long esteems those who flatter it at their own expense. He who has the suppleness of a demagogue will live to complain of the fickleness of the mob.

SANCTUM CHAT

SUICIDES are on the increase in France. About a fifth of the victims belong to the agricultural class, a seventh to the liberal professions, while more than half belong to the financial and commercial community.

—

IOWA is not pleased with the boys sent from New York by philanthropists. The newspapers declare that they come from the purlieus of the great cities, and are impregnated with vices," and call on the Governor to stop such immigration.

—

AN old horseman says that horses frequently die of broken hearts because they travel the same road every day and become tired of seeing the same objects. He says that the best way to restore a horse to health is to take him off on a new road and let him shy a little.

—

THE London Telegraph say that Englishmen and Germans get tipsy after dinner, Frenchmen after supper; but that the modern American refrains to an astonishing extent from the consumption of wine or any alcoholic beverage while dining. The small proportion of educated Americans, continues the writer, who are of intemperate habits, are accustomed to get "tight" on the balmy cocktail before breakfast.

—

A WRITER who has devoted some attention to the decorators and artisans of Japan, says that the worker in metal is, without exception, the most artistic; but that all Japanese workmen and artists discard utterly the happy-go-lucky method in their work. They undergo a thorough training in ancient custom and precedent. Hand-books with elaborate instructions and progressive lessons are cheap and accessible to the poorest, for circulating libraries abound. From first strokes to the finished drawing, and for each class or style of design, there are many elaborately illuminated works of reference.

—

AT the convention of the Episcopal Diocese of South Carolina at Charleston, last week, the presiding Bishop devoted much of his annual address to a denunciation of "the code of honor." Within the past few years, he said, no less than five or six communicants of the Church in that State had engaged in duels, either as principals or seconds; and he strongly urged that such persons be rigidly excluded from the sacramental table.

—

LOCAL Option prevails in North Carolina, and it happens that two adjoining counties, divided only by a narrow river, differ radically in their views of the temperance question. But tipplers in the prohibition county thus evade the law: A rope with a traveling basket is stretched across the stream. When a man on the prohibition side wants a drink, the order goes in the basket and hauled over. The drink is then put in a basket on the other side and rapidly transferred to the prohibition side.

—

ACCORDING to the new orders, the British regiments will adopt a national badge as follows:—English regiments, a rose; Scotch regiments, a thistle; Irish regiments, a shamrock; and Welsh regiments, a dragon. The title of each regiment will be borne on the shoulder strap. The facings and officers' lace will be, for English and Welsh regiments, white facings, rose patterns of lace; Scotch regiments, yellow facings, thistle lace; Irish regiments, green facings, shamrock lace, royal regiments, blue facings, retaining the national lace.

—

THE distinction between a drama and comedy is very simple. In a drama a plot turns on a murder; in a comedy on a marriage. The question is in a comedy whether the marriage will take place or not, and in a drama whether the murder will be accomplished or not. There will be a marriage, there will be a murder, this is the first act. There will be no marriage or no murder; this is the second act. A new incident happens, a new manner of killing or marrying; that is the third act. An obstacle arises which prevents the killing or marrying, that is the fourth act. This must finish, and so in the fifth act the marriage or murder is arranged or accomplished, because everything must have an end.

—

A FAMOUS Boston clergyman, preaching last Sunday, discredited the extravagant statements which represent intemperance as the root of all crime in this country, and maintained that there is a steady growth of temperate habits among the people as compared with the customs of a few generations ago. Two leading methods would, in his belief, further advance the spread of temperance principles among the people, first, the indirect influence of increasing culture; second, the direct efforts of organizations devoted to this special work. The preacher referred at some length to the variety of opinions held in regard to the best means for advancing the cause of temperance, as showing the difficulty of uniting all in one common work, and made the passing comment on the license law, that no limit was set by it to the number of licenses which should be issued, holding that this was one of the striking defects of the law. The preacher decried the perpetual quarrel between prohibition and license, and urged as a basis for future work of temperance advocates the formation of societies to devise the best restrictive laws and to see to their execution, the practical work of closing dramshops being one which should call for the active support of all temperate people.

—

A NEW terror is being gradually added to our social life say a London journal Luncheon parties are becoming an institution. What used to be a modest meal is expanding in elaborate function; and one is expected to string one's self up to concert pitch five or six hours in advance of the time ordained by nature and hitherto sanctioned by custom. If things go on at this rate one will soon be asked to take one's morning cup of tea at 8 o'clock, before a distinguished company habited in gorgeous dressing-gowns. Parties will be organized for the public consumption of the noontide egg beaten up in sherry. Society may as well make up its mind at once to live in an incessant state of full dress. Hospitality is in itself not a bad thing, but it may be carried too far The luncheon party is at best an inconvenient excrescence upon our social organization, and if it is not pruned away its name will become as much a by-word as the breakfast party.

—

MANY people have to leave their houses for a time, during which period, especially in damp seasons, not only the furniture, but also the walls and the paper on them are liable to get damaged by the moisture in the atmosphere. This can be avoided in a simple manner. Before leaving the house the room containing furniture ought to be well fastened, to exclude as much of the outer air as possible, a dish of dry chloride of lime should then be placed in the middle of the apartment, and inside another large empty vessel, intended to receive the water flowing out of the former. The well dried chloride of lime has such an affinity for water that it will attract all the moisture contained in the room, and keep the air perfectly dry, so that no harm can occur to either furniture, books, papers, etc. Care must only be taken to open doors and windows when the apartments are to be occupied, as the dry air is not good for breathing.

—

MOTHERS who find it hard to keep their boys' clothes in repair should be thankful they have not to deal with the wild Indian boys whom the government is trying to civilize and educate. These untutored children of the plains have never had much acquaintance with clothing of any kind, and they put it to strange uses. Blankets are cut up and decorated for fancy pants, and sheets turned into strings to serve their many purposes. Coat-linings are torn out whenever the wearer has need of them, and whatever is new must be worn in preference to anything else. If a boy had a new summer suit, it is hard to make him understand why he should not wear it in February. They think they ought to be permitted to wear a new pair of cotton overalls to the exclusion of the woolen pants, for a few days, till the novelty of them is gone. The average need of an Indian boy for two years is found to be ten coats, nine pairs of pants, ten pairs shoes, eleven shirts, fourteen pairs socks, nine neckties, six pairs suspenders and eight caps.

THE TRYST.

BY M. T.

She glided o'er the meadow grass,
And through the green young corn;
Sweet as the summer blooms she was,
And fresh as summer morn.
We laughed and loved beside the brook
That sang its gay refrain,
And where we met that day, my love,
We swore to meet again.

But ere the grass was dry and brown
Amid the ripening corn,
Up to the church, and on the ground
A maiden's corpse was borne.
I weep alone beside the brook,
All swol'n with Autumn rain;
For where we met that day, my love,
We shall not meet again.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN" LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE" ETC. ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.)

"I AM almost sorry that I cannot go," said Lord Caledon. "I am told that there is a large party staying at the Court, and that the ball will be an excellent one. There are many people visiting just now in the neighborhood, and one does not mind a drive of a few miles in the summer for a ball such as Lady Avice gives."

Then and then only it occurred to Lady Iris Fayne that she might probably meet the stranger there. How blind she had been not to think of that before! Of course, if he were staying with any of the county families, he would be there. How could she have overlooked the possibility?

She hastened to her room the moment dinner was over, and rang for her maid.

"Clara," she said, "I have made a great mistake. Instead of not caring about what I wear, I want the most beautiful dress I have! Do you hear, Clara?"

"I hear, my lady; but the time is so short—only one hour before you start. But I will do my best."

And her "best" was charming, for Lady Iris had never looked so fair. Clara had chosen a dress of white silk with a blue velvet train, both dress and train being richly trimmed with pearls. A tiara of rare pearls crowned the fair hair and a pearl necklace was clasped round the white throat. Even Lord Caledon was startled by the rare loveliness of his daughter when she came in to say good bye, and he stifled the sigh which rose to his lips.

Lady Iris was very silent during the drive to Hyne Court. She was a little ashamed of her eagerness about her dress, and a little shy respecting her loveliness, for she knew that she had never looked more beautiful.

* * * * * *

The party from Chandos were eagerly awaited at Hyne Court. John Bardon did not seem to be quite himself; he walked from one room to another, inspecting the arrangements, looking with critical eyes at the decorations and the flowers, lingering with something like pride in the grand banqueting-hall, where the tables was laden with gold and silver.

"There is nothing better to be seen at Chandos—I am sure of that," he said—"and Lady Iris will confess it too. With all his grandeur, the Earl of Caledon cannot match that."

It pleased him to think that his splendid table-service outdid the Earl's ancient plate, and that the hall in which he gave his banquets—and right royal ones they were—were more magnificent than the halls at Chandos. There was some little comfort for him in these things. Nevertheless he was restless and uneasy, while his face grew pale at times and his lips trembled.

"She deserves it. I swore to have my revenge—and I will have it," he repeated to himself. "Let it cost me what it may, I will be revenged on her. She almost drove me mad with her scorn, and now she must suffer for it."

He walked round the grounds, and found everything in excellent order. The alleys were to be lighted with colored lamps, the fountains were to play under a lime-light, and in different parts of the grounds bands of music were to be placed, hidden by the trees.

Presently he overtook Captain Osburn, who was enjoying a cigar.

"I think," said John Bardon, "that everything is in order. I cannot see that anything is wanting."

"Nor can I," returned the Captain. "It looks to me like an earthly Paradise. If I never enjoyed a dance in my life before, I shall do so to-night. I have never cared for balls, but this is out of the common groove."

"My wife knows how to entertain," said John Bardon, with some pride.

"Lady Avice certainly understands everything that is most pleasant," answered Allan.

They had become friends—the handsome soldier and the master of Hyne Court. John Bardon looked upon him with something like admiration, and Allan, although he perceived the other's faults, made allowance for them, and liked John Bardon, of whom he saw only the bright side.

"We shall have some pretty girls here to-night," said John Bardon. "Do you care much about pretty girls, Captain Osburn?"

"I have not had many opportunities to care about them," replied the Captain, smiling.

He had never mentioned his encounter with Lady Iris, although he had longed with all his heart to ask some questions about her.

"You will see some to-night," said John Bardon; "but the most beautiful of all is Lady Iris Fayne, the daughter and heiress of Lord Caledon, of Chandos. You have heard of her, of course?"

"I should say that almost every one in England has heard of Lady Iris Fayne. She is the beauty of the day, is she not?"

"Yes; and she is as proud as—well, as proud as she is beautiful."

"We are all proud, I think," said Captain Osburn, with a smile, "but we show it in different ways. Her pride will not cause me any concern."

"She will not show it to you, Osburn. She is certain to like you—I am sure of that. I will introduce you, and you will see if I am not right."

John Bardon tried to look and behave as usual; but, after this little conversation, he lost his ease and went about with a pale anxious face.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ball-room at Hyne Court was magnificently lighted and superbly decorated. On either side rose great banks of flowers, interspersed with palms and ferns. Little fountains played in the conservatories, which were lighted by lamps of golden hue, and pretty cool nooks were to be found amongst the greenery.

John Bardon felt very proud of his home as he stood by the side of his wife to welcome her guests.

"Chandos never looked better than this," he told himself; "and even Lady Iris must own it."

Although his house was filled with visitors and the elite of the county were expected at the ball, his thoughts were centred on her. He wondered what she would think, and if by any chance there would cross her mind the faintest shadow of regret when she saw all the glories of Hyne Court as revealed that night.

"She might have done worse than marry me," he thought, "beautiful, wealthy, and noble as she is. But my revenge will be sweet!"

Under some pretext Lady Avice kept Captain Osburn by her side. Perhaps she thought it added to her dignity to have this magnificent-looking man near her.

There was some little nervousness on John Bardon's part when the party from Chandos entered the room; his face flushed, then grew deathly pale. He bowed to Lady Iris, and stood before her speechless as his eyes fell upon her marvellous beauty. Then he recovered himself and spoke to her. A ripple of dislike passed over the face of Lady Avice as the fair queenly girl in the blue velvet and pearls came up to her—a ripple that was succeeded by a smile—and it was seldom well for those upon whom Lady Avice smiled in that way. She received Lady Iris with stately grace. No one would have dreamed that in her heart there was hatred so bitter that she would have trampled upon the beautiful face if she could, and marred its loveliness.

Lady Avice turned to the rest of the party, and John Bardon, with a profound bow, with a pale face and trembling lips, with a heart torn by passion, pity, and hate, introduced Captain Osburn to Lady Iris.

They smiled slightly as their eyes met; but neither of them, by word or sign, gave any idea that they had met before. Lady Iris was inexpressibly pleased to see her preserver again. She murmured a few words—she never remembered what they were—and he bowed, thinking the whole world did not contain another woman one half so fair.

Lady Iris knew that she must dance the first dance with John Bardon, and she decided to save as many others as she could for Captain Osburn, in case he should ask for them, as she thought he was sure to do.

"You have kept the first dance for me, Lady Iris?" said John Bardon, in a low constrained tone; and, although he hated her, she looked so fair at that moment that he could have worshipped her.

Then Captain Osburn spoke.

"May I ask for one dance, Lady Iris?" he inquired.

She smiled, and, without thinking, placed her tablets in his hand, saying—

"You may take what you will."

He chose three waltzes; and then John Bardon and his companion passed on, Lady Iris's hand resting on her former suitor's arm.

"Is Captain Osburn staying with you?" she asked, trying to speak carelessly, but not succeeding very well.

There was something in her voice that betrayed her anxiety, and John Bardon was keen enough to detect it. His heart gave a bound. Was it possible that his plan had begun already to succeed?

"Yes, he is staying with us," he replied; "and very much honored we are by his presence"

She looked at him in wonder; it was was seldom that he said so much as that.

"My wife thinks there is no one like him," he continued; "and I agree with her. He is one of the most high-minded and noble men I have ever met."

"You are quite enthusiastic about him, Mr. Bardon. I have never heard you speak of any one so warmly before."

"No," he replied thoughtfully, "I do not think you have; but the truth is, though you may laugh at it and think it absurd, I love the man—no other word expresses it."

Lady Iris liked her companion better at that moment than she had ever liked him before.

"I do not wonder," she said; "and your enthusiasm is catching, Mr. Bardon. Tell me about your friend. What regiment is he in?"

He told her, adding all that he had heard in his praise.

"They tell me," he continued, "that he is one of the most promising officers in her Majesty's service; and that is saying a great deal, is it not?"

"Yes, a great deal; but he looks as though it were true. His friends would have an easier time of it than his foes."

John Bardon laughed—and, though she did not detect it, there was a strange weird sound in the laugh.

"I do not often quote poetry," he said—"it is not in my line, but a few words of a verse that I came across years ago fixed themselves in my memory, and I have never forgotten them. They describe his character exactly."

"What words are they?" she asked curiously.

"The words of Tennyson 'Truest friend and noblest foe.' That is just what he would be; and, to tell you the truth, I would far rather that I were his foe than the friend of another."

"You give him high praise," she said gently. Every word that he uttered—she could not tell why—delighted her.

"I could not speak too highly of him if I were to try," he answered; "and I am not given to exaggeration."

He looked at her face, and must have seen something there that startled him, for his own grew paler and graver.

"Osburn," she said musingly. "It is a good name; but I do not remember to have met any Osburns, except the family of Lord Gower. Does he belong to them?"

"No," replied John Bardon; "he may be, I believe he is, distantly related to them, but the families have not been friendly for many years."

"Is he one of the Osburns of Sketchley?" she asked.

His lips grew whiter, and he paused a moment; then he thought of his revenge. "I will have it," he said to himself—"I will have it, if I suffer afterwards!"

"What did you ask me, Lady Iris?" he inquired, as though he had not heard her words.

"Is he one of the Osburns of Sketchley?" she repeated.

He knew that if he answered affirmatively the falsehood would not be so easily discovered as if he said that he was one of the Gowers.

"Yes," he replied deliberately; "he is one of the Osburns of Sketchley. I could not think of the name."

"Then he is a gentleman!" she cried. "I felt sure of that. He looks like a man of noble birth."

Again John Bardon's heart gave a great bound. Was she falling so readily and easily into the trap?

"You must not speak of Sketchley to him," he said, "as he cannot bear any allusion to it; but he is very wealthy. There is a little romance about him, too."

"Is there? Tell it to me, Mr. Bardon," she requested eagerly.

"I will, if you will give me your word never to repeat it, not even to him; he would never forgive me if you did."

"I will never repeat it—you know that, Mr. Bardon; you know how fully and perfectly you may trust me. What is the romance?"

"I cannot give you all the details," he replied—"he did mention them to me, but I have forgotten them." The fact was that he had not imagination enough to invent a story. "The romance is that he is entitled to much more honor and to a title, but for his mother's sake he has relinquished them."

"How can that be?" she asked eagerly.

"I do not remember; but you must not think there is any dishonor attached to his mother or himself—nothing of that kind. I wish I had a better memory, I never could remember family complications; but when he told me I said to myself that I had never met with such an instance of self-sacrifice."

She did not stop to think whether his story, the story by which he blinded and deluded her, was true or not. Captain Osburn was of gentle birth, and for his mother's sake, in some vague romantic way, he had given up title and fortune. She was not surprised; he seemed capable of any noble action, of any heroic sacrifice. She felt no curiosity to know what he had done; it was sufficient that he had done it.

"Remember you promise that you will never say one word to him," John Bardon went on. "It may be that some day, if he knows you well, he will tell you his story himself. On that day think of me. You may say just this much to him, that I have told you how we first met. This is our dance, Lady Iris." And, as he stood by her side, he wiped away great drops of perspiration, arising

either from fear or anguish, from his brow.

Ten minutes afterwards Lady Iris found herself talking to the man to whom she honestly believed she owed her life. It was a novel sensation for her. Hitherto she had accepted with indifference the homage offered to her, not troubling herself in the least to amuse or entertain those who were talking to her; but now she found herself watching her new friend's face to see if his eyes gleamed with amusement; and she exerted herself to interest him.

There was an interval between the dances, and Captain Osburn took her to a seat in the corner of the room which was placed before masses of sweet-smelling flowers.

"It will be better for you to rest a little before the next dance," he gently said.

She could hardly tell how it was, but there was a tone of command in his voice, even while it was most gentle, that seemed to compel obedience. She sat down, and he stood bending over her, his noble figure and dark magnificent face contrasting strongly with her fair and delicate loveliness.

"It seems so strange," she said, "to meet you here. I had begun to think this morning that I should never see you again."

"You honor me then by thinking of me."

She was quite unconscious of all that her words implied, and answered readily—

"Yes, I thought of you. How could I help it when you saved my life?"

"I am not sure that I did that, Lady Iris. I can hardly believe that the fellow, brute as he was, would have killed you."

"I saw murder in his eyes," she returned calmly. "I think his heart was so set upon getting money that he would have taken my life. By-the-bye, what became of him?"

"I sent for the police," he replied, smiling. "I dared not, although I longed to do it, charge him with assault, because your name must in that case have been brought into it, and that I knew you would not like."

"I should have been greatly distressed," she said. "I thank you very much for your thoughtfulness."

"You may rely upon one thing," continued Allan, "that to the last day of his life he will regret having raised his hand against you."

Her face drooped, and she spoke hurriedly.

"Captain Osburn, you must not consider me ungrateful; I may have appeared cold and insensible, but from my heart I thank you for your assistance."

She held out her hand to him, and it lay for one moment in his warm clasp. He felt that he could have knelt down before her and have worshipped her; his heart was beating fast, and his pulses throbbed. The beautiful face, all the pride gone from it and softened into tenderness, the sweet voice that seemed to stir his very soul, mastered him for the moment. But he was one of those who did not give way to emotion. With an effort he conquered his feelings, and said—

"I was delighted to render you a service—I cannot tell you how delighted. I shall always consider that day in the green lane as the happiest day of my life."

Just then the first notes of the waltz sounded through the room. Lady Iris looked up with a smile at her companion.

"Do you like dancing?" she asked, smiling.

"Not much," he answered frankly; "nor, to tell you the truth, Lady Iris, do I think that any man really cares much about it. I am more at home on horseback than in a quadrille. I hardly dare to say so; but I think there is something a little effeminate in the pastime."

"Then we will sit here quietly while this dance lasts—that is, if you like to do so."

"It is the greatest favor you can grant me," he replied. "I had hardly dared to hope for such a pleasure."

So they sat conversing, while the sweet music of the dreamy waltz floated through the room and the fragrance of the flowers reached them. This was for them the first faint dawning of love's young dream—a sweet experience to be remembered by both while life lasted. It was not that they said much while together; but to both was coming swiftly and surely the one great dawn of passion that never returns.

The cessation of the music startled them, and a great wave of color rushed into the girl's face.

"How long we have been sitting here!" she said.

"It has seemed but a few moments to me," he answered; "but I must resign my happiness now, for I see dark frowns and envious faces. Your partners wish to claim you, Lady Iris."

He left her with a bow, and all the brightness seemed to go with him. She was unwilling to leave the pretty nook where she had been so happy, unwilling to give her thoughts to any one else, or to dance. All that she cared to do was to sit still and wait until he returned—sit and think of every word he had uttered, and wonder what he would say when they met next. Her mind was full of him, and every changing expression of the handsome face was before her eyes.

"I knew there were such men in the world," she said to herself. "If they can be found in pictures and poems, why not in real life?"

Then she was forced to give up her dreams. One after another her partners came to her, and she was compelled to dance. Those of her partners who had been accustomed to her wit and delicate satire wondered why she was so silent that night, what the new light on her face and in her eyes meant, why she seemed more beautiful than ever, yet farther from them. Once when there was a longer pause than usual between the dances, Lady Avice came up to her.

"You are looking remarkably well tonight, Lady Iris," she said—which, for the mistress of Hyne Court, was an unusual compliment. It was seldom she admired any one's looks.

"I am very well and very happy," replied the young beauty, "and have never enjoyed a ball so much before, Lady Avice."

A slow smile that was not very pleasant to see came over the elder woman's face.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. "We have some very nice people here; and I consider it the best attended of any ball we have given at the Court."

There was silence for a few moments; and then Lady Avice said—

"Have you been introduced to our esteemed visitor Captain Osburn? I forget."

Her small eyes keenly scrutinized Lady Iris's face, over which a lovely flush spread. The heiress could not control the brightness that shone in her eyes at the sound of his name.

"Yes," she replied. "Mr. Bardon introduced me."

"I consider him," remarked Lady Avice, "an ideal man. What do you think of him, Lady Iris?"

The girl's color deepened; but an answer did not come readily; so Lady Avice went on—

"He has been staying with us for a week, and I am enchanted with him—that is more, I believe, than I have ever said of any man. He is just the man one reads of in stories and poems—the sort of man who makes other men seem commonplace. He is so fearless, and yet so gentle; he has the sweetest of tempers and the kindest of hearts. I have seen him do two things since he has been here that are no doubt characteristic of him."

"What were they?" asked Lady Iris; and she was quite unconscious of the interest her face expressed.

"The first was this. Mr. Bardon recently purchased a pair of horses—certainly the most fiery and mettlesome creatures I have ever seen. The other day one of the grooms had them out together for exercise. Well, they took fright and started off at a gallop. The man was thrown from his seat and dragged along the ground for some distance. Fortunately Captain Osburn was close by; and he at once sprang forward, and, grasping the bridle of the horse on which the groom had been riding, stopped them. I was out in the grounds at the time, and I expected every moment that he would be kicked to death by the other horses; but no—he stood his ground, and the trembling, panting animals found their master. I never saw a more courageous act."

"What was the other thing he did?" asked Lady Iris.

A smile came over Lady Avice's face that almost beautified it.

"If I have a weakness," she said, "it is for my little Dione. I think there is not another child in the world like him. He fell down a day or two ago—he is just beginning to walk—and Captain Osburn, who had no idea that I was watching, lifted him from the ground; and I saw then how gentle and tender a strong man could be if he chose."

"You seem to admire him very much," said Lady Iris; and there rose in her heart a faint feeling of jealousy even of the baby whom he had raised with kisses and caresses from the ground.

"I must confess," answered Lady Avice, "that I do like Captain Osburn; and I shall be sorry when he leaves us."

The sudden paling of the beautiful face was not lost upon her.

"Leave you?" questioned Lady Iris. "Why, when will he go?"

"Not yet. I hope that he will remain a few weeks now that he is here. He is very much sought after, and receives many invitations—of course that is only to be expected. I tell Mr. Bardon that I do not believe he will leave this neighborhood disengaged. He seems to admire Laura Seymour very much."

"Laura Seymour!" echoed Lady Iris. "Who is she? I do not know her."

"The new Rector's daughter, a fine handsome girl—a brunette—something in his own style. I hear that he admires her very much;" and again a smile came over Lady Avice's face as she noticed that the color did not return to Lady Iris's.

They could see him in the distance, the tall soldierly figure, and the dark noble-looking head towering above the rest.

"He is a fine looking man," said Lady Avice. "My husband will have it that he is one of the finest-looking men in the Army. If I were a queen, I should like a body-guard of such men."

Lady Iris laughed; but she was not pleased in her heart. What right had Lady Avice to think so much of him?

There was an evil smile on the pale face as Lady Avice said—

"My husband tells me that he is one of the Osburns of Sketchley; and they have some of the oldest and the best blood in England in their veins."

"I should take him for a prince," said Lady Iris, "if I judged from appearances," and Lady Avice felt quite satisfied with her night's work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ball at Hyne Court showed no signs of flagging. And after the lapse of an hour Lady Iris Fayne was again sought by Captain Osburn; and presently they stood in the brilliantly-lighted conservatory, where the warm air was laden with fragrance and more than one pair of lovers had sought refuge. Her interest in him had deepened and grown stronger from what she had heard from Lady Avice, while every moment his love for her throve and increased. She was anxious to know if there were any truth in the rumor about Laura Seymour; not that it mattered in the least to her, she was careful to say to herself, but it was well to be acquainted with these things. He was not the kind of man one could banter about love; still she was bent upon knowing the truth. So Lady Iris set to work to extract the desired information from him.

Of course, she said to herself as she opened her fan, it could not matter to her, it was no business of hers. She had no right to interfere, but he was interested. Therefore, if he were likely to admire or care for any one in the neighborhood, she ought to know it. She would not admit to herself that there was the faintest shadow of jealousy in her thoughts. She looked at him, and her eyes fell before the evident admiration expressed in his.

"Have you been staying long at the Court?" she asked, intending to reach her point by degrees, and quite unconscious that Lady Avice had merely told her of Laura Seymour in order to increase her interest by arousing a little jealousy.

"A week—perhaps a day or two more," he replied; "I almost forget. The only thing of which I am quite certain is this, that for the last few days I have kept no account of time nor can I tell how it has passed!"

"Do you know many people in the neighborhood of King's Forest?" she asked.

"No, only many, Lady Iris."

"Have you called upon the new Rector?"

"Yes, I know him very well. Doctor Seymour, you mean? He is a gentleman and a scholar, I admire him, and I often go to the Rectory."

Then their eyes met; and, though she did not know it, in hers there was just a faint shadow of reproach. "Some one has been telling her that I admire Miss Seymour," he thought, his keen instinct, his quick power of perception, making her thoughts clear to him.

"It is a very happy household," he continued. "The Rector is a thorough gentleman, his wife a kind of amiable lady, and his daughter a bright clever girl."

The tone in which he spoke relieved her. If he cared for Laura Seymour, he would not mention her name so lightly.

"It is very amusing," he went on, "to hear Mrs. Seymour talk to her daughter. She thinks the highest vocation a woman can have is to be a clergyman's wife, and she is training her daughter for it. I was both amused and touched by it. I hope fervently that Mrs. Seymour will be rewarded by seeing her daughter marry a bishop!"

Lady Iris laughed a glad little laugh that showed a light heart. She raised her smiling eyes to his.

"They told me you admired Laura Seymour," she said frankly. "I did not think it was true."

"It is not true, not in the sense in which they have used the word. I admire the whole family, but not one member more than another."

She did not understand the sudden sweet sensation of relief that came to her, and she went to meet her fate more blindly than most girls. She walked to the end of the conservatory where a group of shrubs with golden blossoms stood. She looked most fair and queenly in her blue velvet and pearls, with a faint flush on her face and the love-light in her eyes. She placed herself in front of the mass of green foliage and golden blossoms, the light from the lamps shining full upon her face; and he, standing before her, read some slight embarrassment in it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Housewifery, an ancient art, said to have been fashionable among girls and wives; now out of use, or practised only by the lower orders. Wealth, the most respectable quality of man. Friend, a person who will not assist you, because he knows your love will excuse him. Bargain, a ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other. Doctor, a man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow. Jury, twelve prisoners in a box, to try one or more at the bar. Tragedian, a fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets in a violent passion for so much a night.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

A Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash day, and make Clothes sweet and white without hard rubbing, *and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.*

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman dont get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice

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HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times*, *The Norristown Herald*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, *and this Advertisement could not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!*

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. **Say in your letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.** In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if wanted for Toilet or Skin Diseases, 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;
Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for Ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing the full time, commence *by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.* Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap, and *dont wash through two suds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.* Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap *until all the dirty suds are out.* [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

☞ *Next comes the blue water.* [Use scarcely any bluing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue water and *out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night;* it makes them stain easier to wash, and is not a clean way. *Dont try on part of the wash;* try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn Ulcers, Ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. **It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.**

If you have an *Ingrowing Toe Nail*, [illegible] or any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter how many years' standing, the Frank Siddalls Soap. If *Ingrowing Toe Nail*, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh.

It is a splendid DENTIFRICE, cleaning the mouth and teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, it does not soil the garments or bedclothing as Ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Showing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by this Easy Way of Washing! No Wash boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Soda through the House! [illegible] property of **Washing Freely in Hard Water,** and *does not* require the aid of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal, Ammonia, or any Washing Powder whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap *only requires about one-fourth of the water* that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap; better and cheaper (for it can be made to go further for all common uses. Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, *for a tea kettle will heat enough water for a large wash* when the clothes are washed by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For Every Day.

ALL FOR THE BEST

BY P HENRY DOYLE

ANDREAS HOFF lived a great many years ago, in one of the country parts of Germany.

He was the twelve year son of an humble farmer, who managed to honorably make his way through the world by raising vegetables and other products which he sold in the neighboring city

For various reasons he found it impossible to hire any assistance, so that the whole labor of the farm fell upon Andreas and him self

The latter was in the habit of rising long before daybreak, harnessing his single horse and riding away with his load of stuff for the market. There he would dispose of it, and returning early have a good deal of time for the other work

Though he was thus compelled to exert himself Mr Hoff was very thoughtful towards his son He would never allow him to be waked in the morning until absolutely necessary

It is bad enough that we have to keep him from school at the year round' he used to say to his wife, 'without keeping him in the field from sun to sun set'

The result of these remarks was that to lie in bed until the sun had been shining for hours became a second nature to Andreas And there is no use denying that he grumbled considerably was ever anything out of the usual course required that he should rise before his accustomed time

One night, between spring and summer, there had been a heavy rain, and a dam on Mr. Hoff's place threatened to break with the sudden rise of water He was up almost the entire night trying to prevent such a disaster, by strengthening the breast of the dam with props and other means of support.

He had orders the following morning for a lot of vegetables to be delivered in the city If he failed to deliver them on time, it would not be only so much immediate injury, but might end in losing several of his best customers

It was impossible for him to go himself on account of the flood so there was nothing left but that Andreas should go. He knew the way to the city having been there with his father several times on holidays and other leisure occasions

So he was awakened and got up with no very good grace, you may be sure The road was muddy, and though it was nearly daylight, the still threatening sky made everything look gloomy

The old horse was harnessed up, the cart loaded, and after receiving some advice to be careful about the money he would receive, and return as quickly as possible he started off.

As he went on, his heart was full of bitter reflections He wondered about all sorts of things He wondered why it seems to come way down must overflow why he wasn't rich so he might lie in bed all day if he wanted to, and so on until he at last concluded that everything in the world was wrong and nothing as it ought to be.

He reached the city however in due time, though in little better humor than when he started. It did not take long to dispose of his load, as his father's customers were anxiously waiting his coming

He received the price from them and it happened to be a rather large sum It was so large indeed as Andreas that the sense of being thought worthy of having so much trusted to him put him in better spirits Just then, too, the sun shone out for a moment and gave promise of a pleasant day after all.

So he bade good bye to his friends and turned the horse's head homeward Passing along the country road he allowed him to have his own way, and as it went slowly along, he watched with delight the water drops on the trees sparkling like numberless diamonds in the sunshine

But all of a sudden he saw the horse walking somewhat lame and getting out to ascertain the cause, he noticed that the animal had lost a shoe This was perhaps not much of a calamity in itself, only it would prevent his early arrival home, and, of course increase his parents' anxiety

Once more he began to wonder why it was that things would so persist in going wrong and wondered if any boy in the world was as unfortunate as he was

So he trudged on, but after awhile to add to his discomfort, the sky began to cloud over and in a few minutes it commenced raining heavily. What a situation He was rapidly becoming drenched to the skin he did not dare drive the horse fast on account of the shoe, and he was still a mile or two from home

By this time he was in such a bad humor that he could not have himself told what he was wondering about But it was more than likely it was the old story of a thing going wrong.

Now the part of the road in which he had just entered was the loneliest on the whole route. And as he was passing a thick clump of woods, his heart leaped in his mouth with fear as he heard a noise in the bushes behind him on the road

He looked back startled, and saw a rough looking man, who carried a gun in his hand He was evidently trying to catch up with Andreas, but he could do no more than limp as one of his legs was seemingly injured being wrapped in a bandage.

As he noticed Andreas watching him, he tried to speak kindly, and said:

'Stop, little boy. I want to talk to you"

But Andreas, more frightened than before struck the horse with his whip and started him faster

The man observed the action, and raising the gun to his shoulder, aimed it straight at him.

'If you don't halt," he cried fiercely, "I will shoot you!"

Had Andreas been able in his fear to comprehend him, he might have stopped, but he was so excited he only lashed the animal in to faster speed

Still aiming, the man drew the trigger, but there was no report, and with a violent oath he stood a moment looking after the cart, and then again dragged himself into the wood

The boy never knew how he reached home, but the way he dashed into the yard almost terrified his parents out of their wits

When he had collected himself somewhat, he managed to tell his adventure

His father, without delay, informed his nearest neighbors Search was made and the man was captured. He proved to be an escaped prisoner, who had already murdered several persons, and who certainly would have shot Andreas if accident had not prevented.

He was returned to the prison he had escaped from, and Andreas and his parents often spoke of that horrible morning. He had told them all the particulars, and out of their wise comments gained much in the way of wisdom.

'If, Andreas,' his father once concluded, "the horse had not fallen lame, you would have passed too wood before it began raining. And if it had not been raining, the powder in the pouch of the poacher's gun would not have been wet and you would certainly have been murdered Therefore, what you looked upon as evils then were in reality blessings and another proof that it is true that all things are for the best."

RULES FOR BANK CUSTOMERS —The following rules are recommended to the attention of those who do business at banks They will be the means of saving a great deal of time and money and annoyance—by not following them:

1 If you have any business with a bank, put it off until four o'clock or, if possible, a little later, as it looks more business-like to rush in as the bank is closing.

2 Never put a stamp on a check before you get to the bank, but give the teller two cents, and ask him to lick it and cancel it for you The teller expects to lick all stamps It will save him bringing out his brush

3 In depositing money try to get it up side down, and wrong end foremost so that the teller may have a little exercise in straightening it up before counting it

4 It is better not to take your book back when you first deposit another time and have your deposit entered. You can thus make out a slip to the bank where one would serve.

5 If a check is made payable to your order, be careful not to endorse it before paying it to the teller but let him return it to you and wait while you indorse it This helps to pass the time and is a pleasure and relief to the teller

6 You can generally save time when making a deposit by counting down your money to the teller, as you can nearly always count more speedily and correctly than he

7. If you make a deposit of $100 and give a check for it it is a good thing to call frequently at the bank and ask how your account stands as it impresses the officers favorably with your business qualifications

8 Never keep any record of your pass book entries, and then, if they are promised, censure the bank for not giving you notice.

9 Always date your checks ahead; it is a never failing sign you keep a good balance in bank, or, if you do not wish it generally known that you are doing a good business do not deposit your money until about the time you expect your check to be in

10 In depositing money never make out a deposit slip The teller has the blanks in his case for that purpose and expects to make them out himself It annoys him to have you offer to do it Besides if others are waiting it gives them a chance to exercise patience which is a great virtue

11 In receiving money from a teller, never say in advance how you want it, but hand back each note separately and ask him to check it

A strict observance of the foregoing rules will make your account desirable to any bank and make you a general favorite to all the bank officials, and enable you to save money.

A blessed thing about hanging a man is that he can't take the lecture tour afterward

TEN COUNTESS.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

BY all means insist upon upon Mr. Carrol's coming. Ralph—it would hardly be a success in my opinion at least without him. If Mr Carrol will only come and be pressed with us all, and especially you Juliette——

Here Cunningham son Ralph interrupted her [illegible]

"Mother, aren't you ashamed? Forrest would not come near the house even to oblige me if he thought you meant to angle for him because he happens to be rich, handsome, and desirable. Still I wish he would take a notion to you, only I perfectly despise fishing'

Ralph went off in search of his friend Carrol, to find him in his rooms, standing before a marble top table, on which lay a parcel he had just opened and which contained a white silken slipper—most exquisitely shaped and daintily small

'A woman's slipper on your table, Carrol. Where did you get it?'

Cunningham picked it up curiously, admiringly, and laughed amusedly.

"I picked it up on the desk of the boat yesterday; that I have fallen in love with the woman who can wear such an aristocratic slipper—and that it is henceforth my business to find its fair owner, and to lay my fortune, my name, my heart, at her feet."

Ralph laughed and replied:

'My mother and sister send their warm regards, inviting you, and hope you have not quite forgotten your old friends on whom you used to call years ago, when Jane was quite a child There's to be a week of fun rampant to celebrate Juliette's twenty first birthday Do consent and have your valise packed in time for the five fifty five train.'

"You offer a terrible temptation to a fellow, Cunningham. It's just here, Ralph, if I stay, I shall lose no time finding my other slipper and its owner and wearer. If I go down in a quiet little country——"

'See ere Carrol By Jove, what a fool I am My sister is noted for her pretty foot, and I am dead sure she and Jessie came to the city yesterday, and ten to one are both there for the entertainment, and a hundred to one she lost one of 'em, it's just like her'

'Your heavily little sister Juliette, whom I remember had one pretty of them and 'tarest of forms when I saw her last—, it's two—nearly six years ago. Bless you, Cunningham, I long'

'And take the fancy mounted slipper, Carrol, by all means

"By all means, and Cupid be kind to me in the hunt for my Cinderella.'

And at five fifty five the train carried the two handsome men, toward Oldtown Valley.

* * * * *

"And that is Juliette Cunningham. Well

And looking through the intervening room between where he sat and into which he was conscious, both by hearing and feeling, that a woman was coming. Mr Carrol saw a slender, gracefully exquisite girl coming rapidly towards him all unaware of his presence.

A girl with a face as pure and white as ivory, with magnificent dusky hair, and heavy straight brows

Just then in dismay a laughing little mischief of six or seven came rushing in, curls and sash flying, white teeth shining and blue eyes flashing

'O Mr Carrol, please, please hide me! Ralph said you were here and Miss May wants me to practice and I won't practice when we've got company Mamma and Jessie're coming I hear 'em; they'll send me off to bed horrid pig—m, please let me stay cause I like you'

Carrol laughed and put his arm reassuringly around the child.

'You haven't told me who you are but I can guess, you are Jessie, aren't you? But who is Miss May?

He drew the sunny little head to his breast caressingly.

"Oh she's my gov'ness, and—oh, isn't she sweet? I just love her, Mr. Carrol."

'Then I am jealous"

She looked archly at him.

"Well, I'll love you too, if you'll promise you won't tease me and pull my curls like Ralph does, now——"

And Mrs Cunningham sailed in, rustling her black silken skirts, and greeted him effusively, while Juliette, charmingly frank, welcomed him ardently, and thought if only the future would be propitious

And Jessie was sent off, past her to the horrid piano.

'And tell Miss Dorian not to let you return until I send for you, Jessie."

So he had the name at last—May Dorian, and sad was the beginning, when Juliette Cunningham saw his admiring glances whenever Miss Dorian came where he was and his courteous attention when it was required of him

It is outrageous, mamma absolutely spoiling the way Jessie governess acts as a guest of the family to flirt with her. Why, she surely ought to know better than to lower herself so. If you don't tell her, I certainly shall if I see any more of it."

And the very same day because she met Carrol and Miss Dorian and Jessie standing on the balcony enjoying the brilliant mid-winter sunset, Juliette took it upon herself to administer a very sharp caustic rebuke,

"Jessie will catch cold. Miss Dorian You ought to know better than be standing here. Don't let me have the necessity of reminding you of your duty again."

And Carrol set his teeth together to see the look of wounded pain that swept over May's sweet, patient, proud face, as without a word, she took Jessie's hand and led her into the house.

That evening for the closing of the various birthday festivities they had a tableau—the closing event of the evening—Cinderella, in four scenes. In the first, May Dorian was obliged to take the part of the ragged wretched heroine, at Carrol's grave, positive request.

"It will require two ladies to represent the character," he explained, "One as Cinderella before the fairy transformation, and one after. And in the last scene, where the prince fits the slipper, it would take so long to change the costume that the effect would be destroyed Miss Dorian and Miss Cunningham are nearest of a size, and the face can be averted in Miss Dorian's part'

So to oblige May Dorian allowed herself to be dressed in an old ragged forlorn dress, Juliette was most gorgeously arrayed in the golden tissue and texture that became her so well. While, by common acclamation, Forrest Carrol was chosen the fairy prince

And to there came little quivers of yearning pain in sweet May Dorian's heart as she tried to put him out of her mind, out of her heart, into which he had gone and throned himself, despite herself

Then came the final scene, when Juliette extended one dainty silken stockinged foot on the crimson cushion held by a courtier, while the prince, on bended knee, triumphantly fitted the slipper.

Only it didn't fit, and it was almost more than Carrol could do to gravely contain himself while Juliette made desperate little plunges to get her foot in the slipper he produced; and then to see the look of chagrin on her face at her inability

'You brought a child's shoe, Mr Carrol. It's not much too large for Jessie"

Juliette whispered her angry little complaint just as the curtain went down.

Carrol laughed and shook his head; he had no time to answer for then was just busy time for Juliette to fix it the stage and May Dorian to take her part.

And then the curtain went up, with May standing surrounded by the courtiers, one correct foot extended exactly fitted by the slipper and her sweet face full of a sad surprise and fear and words after the curtain went down finally

"Where did you get my slipper? I lost it over a week ago and have looked everywhere for it. And now to find it on my own!'

Carrol smiled.

"The hour I found it I thought I lost my heart to the woman who owned it, May, but I lost it more hopelessly the hour I found you my little queen. I love you. Tell me here, now, may I be the veritable prince who may beautify and possess your life? Sweet, your answer."

* * * * *

And after due time it was very discreet in Mrs Cunningham and Juliette to be exceedingly gracious to Mrs Forrest Carrol, whose life now been like the realization of the fairy story in which her happiness was told her.

THROWING THE HATCHET.—In the fourteenth century the invention of public executioner to the city of Florence became vacant, and as it was a place of considerable emolument there were three candidates A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and, when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approaching him, and in a low voice (for it required if he was a swift runner and I suppose it was well. On being answered in the affirmative he desired him to spring to his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look swung his weapon round his head, but, instead of making it descend upon the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was still. From this rather improbable fact the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

WHAT I'D DO.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"What will ye do, love, when I am going
With white sails flowing
The seas beyond;
What will ye do, love, though waves divide us,
And friends will chide us,
For being fond?"

"Though waves divide us
And friends may chide us,
In faith abiding I'll still be true;
I'll pray for you on the stormy ocean
With deep devotion,
That's what I'll do."

"What would ye do, love, if distant tidings
Your fond confidings
Should undermine
And I abiding 'neath foreign skies
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine?"

"Oh, name it not, love; though guilt and shame
Were on your name
I'd still be true;
But that heart of thine—should another share it
I could not bear it—
That's what I'd do."

"What would you do, love, if home returning
In hopes high burning,
And wealth for you,
If my bark that bounded on foreign foam
Should be lost near home—
What would you do?"

"So thou wert spared I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the stormy billow,
This heart thy pillow—
That's what I'd do."

BENEATH THE POLE.

THE ice-region of the North Pole is full of marvelous grandeur and mystery. For nearly the whole year, its frozen waters and landscapes present phenomena startling almost beyond imagination. In a space of some fifteen hundred miles diameter are immense masses and fields of solid ice, varying from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, and in parts thrown up into enormous ridges, sometimes forty feet high.

If it be the open season of summer, sometimes the sun does not look round, but oval; or perhaps there may appear to be four suns, or at night four moons, lighting up the icebergs. In winter also, the whole of one part of the heavens is often illuminated by the splendid Aurora Borealis. In summer, there is no sunset for weeks; and during winter there is total darkness for a like period. The cold is intense. In winter or spring the register is generally from thirty to sixty degrees below zero.

It is through such a region as this that explorers in ships have to make their way. By watching breaks in the ice in the brief summer, they do it. When winter comes again however, they are frozen fast. During winter, all hands are employed in making preparation for spring traveling. Then, when March arrives, sledges are packed, officers and men appointed, and away these hardy explorers go, over ice and snow, along barren shores into unknown wastes, hundreds and hundreds of miles, without the slightest hesitation.

But the better to understand this, let us try and picture a scene as it actually occurred. Upon the solid ice there, you might have seen a congregation of what look like human beings. Sledges and Esquimaux dogs are with them. Officers as well as sailors, numbering about a hundred, are dressed in uncouth garbs that make them look anything but civilized men. Furs are worn by those who can get them, and woolens lined with fur by others. Also masks for the nose, and goggles for preserving the eyes. It is very cold, and every protection is needed to prevent frost-bite. None is left by himself. Companionship is absolutely necessary, in order that the one may keep a look out upon the other's face; and when frost attacks the nose and other exposed parts of the face, it is at first unfelt by the sufferer himself. His companion, as soon as he sees symptoms of this, takes up a handful of snow, and rubs the affected part hard for a few moments, and thus prevents any spread of the mischief.

The sledge, when loaded with provisions, tents, spare clothing, instruments, firearms, and spirits of wine for fuel, generally weighs about one thousand two hundred pounds, or say one hundred and ninety pounds per man. This weight, then, eight men have to pull along over the ice, smooth or rough, and often amongst thrown-up ridges, as best they can. A belt round each man is then attached to a rope belonging to the sledge, and thus should it happen, as is sometimes the case, that one of the party falls through a broken bit of ice, he is speedily pulled out again.

When dinner hour arrives, the party halts for a short time to eat the allowance previously made up for each person. Then they drink their small quantum of rum, a proceeding which is usually accomplished while running up and down the ice to keep up the circulation and escape being frost-bitten. The pork which has been cooked on board is always so hard that it breaks like biscuit; and the drinking utensils are usually covered with a non-conducting substance to prevent the cold from taking the skin off the lips.

But night is the worst part of the time—that is, the sleeping period. When the day's march of perhaps ten miles is ended, the tent is pitched on as comfortable a piece of ice as can be found. Generally, it has four small holes in the top to permit the escape of steam and breath, which otherwise condenses and falls in a shower of fine snow. A waterproof floorcloth is laid upon the ice, and upon this is placed another of canvas. The whole party, officers and all, then make themselves as comfortable as they can together. Doffing their fur boots they wrap their feet in moccasins of flannels, and, without undressing, get into bags made of stout blankets and about seven feet long, so as to cover head and all. Then throwing themselves down upon the covered ice, packed like herrings in a barrel, they seek sleep.

In the morning, when aroused by him whose turn it is to watch all the misery of Arctic traveling is then experienced. Who is there that has not some idea of this from what is occasionally felt after a night's watching or abstinence from rest? Judge then what it must be there in a solitary tent on the ice floe.

Grains of Gold.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

Who has not mastered himself, by whom can he not be overcome?

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Earnestness of purpose can spring only from strong convictions.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.

Traits of character which you seek to conceal, you had better seek to reform.

It is better to improve by other people's errors than to find fault with them.

Never judge by appearances. A seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them.

He who gives himself airs of importance, daily exhibits the credentials of impotence.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do these things living which are desired to be when dying.

The road to ruin is always kept in good order, and those who travel it pay the expenses.

There is very little use in making to-day cloudy because to-morrow is likely to be stormy.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth, for all truth is beauty.

Many a youth has ruined himself by forgetting his identity and trying to be somebody else.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding.

There is no calendar in Heaven. God will give us just as much power in the hot months as in any other.

When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when it is made a duty, nothing more easy.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

Read not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

So live that when old age has crept upon you, you will have else than years to offer in evidence of the long road you have passed over.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little, and others much.

We shall never learn our real calling, or secure our destiny till we have taught ourselves to consider everything as worthless compared with the education of the heart.

Many persons who rake through another's character with a fine-tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with far less trouble by going over their own character with a rake.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and undeserving.

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us; and this, too, for fear lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice.

See that you are proud; but let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up within expenses; too proud to be stingy.

A Wonderful Remedy.

Mr. R. P. Lewis, of East Saginaw, Michigan, writing to the editor of the Laporte (Ind.) *Argus*, says: "I wish you would allow me to say, over my own signature, a word in behalf of a remarkable curative agent—Compound Oxygen. It is not a medicine but a vitalizer, and its effects are natural, direct and permanent. Its use involves no risk or inconvenience of any kind. I speak from both observation and experience. I was induced to try it by the recommendations of such men as T. S. Arthur and Judge Kelley, and also a personal friend, and have found it more than was promised. This was over six months ago, and the good effects have been permanent. A gain of fourteen pounds in six weeks was the average result, but my general spirits were heightened up at least a ton. There are three other men here who have tried the Compound Oxygen with even more striking results, and I am acquainted with the history of each case. One of them lost his voice last winter, and was so run down in general health that little hope was entertained of his recovery. The Oxygen cured him without change of climate or stopping of work, and he says he is as well as ever. Another, who had worked for years as paying teller in a bank, and was all used up and not expected to live beyond a month or two, took the Treatment, and is a hundred per cent better and recovering rapidly. Another, who was in the later stages of consumption, has tried it and is greatly improved. He tells me he would have been dead long ago but for this remedy. I have no axe to grind in making this statement, and if you should not publish it I would lose nothing by the refusal, though if you should others might be benefitted, which is all the end I have sought to compass." Any who may desire to investigate the claims made for this new and natural remedy, can receive pamphlet, testimonials, etc., giving full, by addressing Messrs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscences

Chicago and St. Louis have decided not to have married women for school teachers.

Every lady should belong to an archery club, as skill in drawing a beau is very useful.

A certain writer says: "Life is a desert. Marriage and mirage are the same thing, only differently spelt."

Blouse waists of embroidered muslin and sleeveless cutaway jackets of olive plush are considered pretty for morning wear.

Young ladies and elephants attain their growth at eighteen. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.

Here is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

Thirty days after a Michigan man got a divorce from his wife to marry one with a handsomer face the divorced woman fell heir to $87,000.

A Georgia girl has two silk dresses made entirely by herself. She raised the cocoons, spun the silk, colored and wove it with her own hands.

Somehow men distrust woman's strength, since fellows are so afraid a girl will fall on the sofa, that they keep a grip around her waist the whole evening.

It is to the fair sex we owe the most shining qualities of which ours is master; as the ancients insinuated, by painting both the virtues and graces as females.

A woman of fifty-seven is applying for her third divorce from a man of sixty-four, in Iowa, the grounds being the same as in the two previous cases—cruel treatment.

A movement has been inaugurated in Berlin for the abolition of the present style of female dress and the substitution of "a dualistic form of attire for the lower as well as the upper limbs."

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often. If she's got a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game of whist, and if the reverse, she dislikes all these small affairs.

A girl recently took a bottle of chloroform to school in a New York town, and applied the liquid to her own and her companions' noses so stiff stinally that it was with great difficulty that their lives were saved.

When the Empress of Austria goes hunting, which she does very frequently, she carries a fan attached in a case to her saddle, and fans herself vigorously when opportunity allows. This is set down as an entire novelty.

A New York bachelor makes the pertinent and rather novel suggestion that a number of thrifty women might put themselves in the way of a fortune by opening a shop for mending gentlemen's clothes, sewing on buttons, etc.

The male plaintiff in a Western divorce suit was asked upon taking the stand and previous to being sworn, if he believed in a future life. "I used to," he answered, "but since I was married I've had all the nonsense taken out of me."

An Illinois clergyman has a bad tempered wife. Becoming enraged at him, she cut his Sunday coat, vest and shirt into shreds, and then tried to further use the knife on his body. He concluded that forbearance would no longer be a virtue, and had her arrested.

A Boston lawyer said: "And here I take occasion to remark that invariably, if a woman owns a large landed estate, she is sure to get married from time to time, as often as death affords an opportunity, thus making great embarrassments in tracing titles."

An elderly lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy."

A woman can keep secrets. A city girl, on a friend's promising solemnly not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses, costing $60 each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

The Empress Josephine changed her linen three times a day and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls.

Josephine says his wife is a "queer thing," though a perfect specimen of feminity. The other day he went shopping with her, and to save a penny in the purchase of two yards of tape, she visited seventeen stores, spent seven hours, got tired and rode home without purchasing.

Russian ladies, it is said, always wear in winter time fur next the skin, as in consequence of the intense cold no ordinary merino or flannel is sufficient. Lynx is most frequently used, and every young Russian bride has one or two undergarments in this fur, and then is considered set up in life.

A newspaper article says: "What are the causes of decline among American women?" Well, generally because she thinks the fellow cannot keep her in sealskin sacks, French gowns, and fashionable bonnets. When a single man with plenty of "soap" is around, there is not any decline among American women to speak of.

A Chicago domestic servant, being threatened with arrest on a charge of stealing $7 from her mistress, declared herself guilty. She was thereupon forgiven and retained in employment. That night she took poison, and just before her death solemnly protested that she was innocent, having made a false confession to save herself from imprisonment.

They tell the story about a man who called upon a respectable widow of his acquaintance and said: "Madam, I'm looking for a wife. I don't think you'll hardly do, but I didn't know but you might think of somebody that would." The bewildered man has forgotten what the widow said, but has the impression that a tornado struck the town about that time.

The English census takers had some practical jokes played upon them. In a number of cases in London the husband returned the wife as the head of the family and himself as an idiot to marry her. "Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it," was returned in two cases. To put "temper" under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife was a frequent joke. Great persuasion was necessary to induce the ladies to state their ages.

News Notes.

Knoxville boasts a woman with a beard 14 inches long.

In Berlin blind people are admitted free to all concerts.

A York county cat is maternally raising a young squirrel.

Tan-colored undressed kids are worn with white costumes.

Steel and gold are the admired combination this summer.

White and pale pink bonnets are most worn at receptions.

A Connecticut man has invented a pipe that will light itself.

Trained skirts are worn only by married or matronly women.

Italian brigands come in immigrant ships in not inconsiderable numbers.

Millais, the English painter, has orders ahead for $200,000 worth of portraits.

The latest idiot who handled a pistol carelessly succeeded in shooting his father.

The organ was invented about 951, the first being erected in Winchester Cathedral.

A horse in Illinois, unused to the sight of a locomotive, stopped, trembled, and dropped dead.

A fasting girl in England has stopped fasting on being threatened with a lunatic asylum.

Pure honey will always crystalize, while honey containing glucose will remain in a liquid state.

One hundred and one persons died of starvation in the metropolitan district of London last year.

An Omaha undertaker, finding business slack, has leased a bear garden, and expects an improvement.

Thousands of brakemen are killed in the United States every year for want of a safe car-coupling invention.

A Minneapolis thief stole the pans displayed in front of a tin-shop, and sold them to the proprietor inside.

The English Earl of Shrewsbury was soundly flogged recently for running away with another man's wife.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are strongly urged to go to Germany and preach the gospel, through interpreters.

A horse seized a little girl with its teeth, in Illinois, carried her several blocks, and then stamped on her to death.

New English gloves of delicate hued silk are almost transparent, showing a faint color of the hand through the glove.

A writer in the London Queen says that for the majority of people instrumental music is simply a cover for conversation.

Paris has a market for cigar-stumps. In the wine saloons in one locality are half a dozen dealers who do a thriving business.

A historic chateau was lately sent stone by stone to Paris from one of the provinces, and sold there. The transport was $10,000.

Missouri has just adopted a marriage license law. The State has heretofore been a Gretna Green for lovers in Iowa and Illinois.

The experiment of placing calcium lights on trucks of the fire department in Boston has been tried with decidedly satisfactory results.

A Cincinnati milliner is suing for breach of promise a wallow admirer of fifty, who pleads the objection of his parents to the match.

Spiders, turtles, bats, crabs, birds-claws, and Brazilian beetles appear in gold, enameled steel, and jet among millinery ornaments.

A principal of a Cincinnati school married one of his pupils, and within three days so far forgot their changed relationship as to whip her.

A little Illinois boy's boots were too big for him. His brother proposed to chop off the ends. The plan was tried on one foot, with a loss of three toes.

A gentleman in New York has rented a vacant lot near his residence, fenced it in, and fitted it up as a playground for the boys of the neighborhood.

A colony of eighty four persons in Minnesota is composed of one woman and her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, with their husbands and wives.

After thirty years absence a Massachusetts man came home the other day and his first business was to kick over a tombstone erected to his memory many years before.

The Swiss canton of Schaffhausen has followed the example of Germany in publishing a law that no boy under fifteen shall be allowed to use tobacco either in the streets or at home.

The Russian government has ordered that all railway passenger trains shall be stocked with tea, sugar, and bread, so that passengers may not be compelled to go hungry in case of a new blockade.

The Mayor of Baltimore has a habit of taking early morning walks about the city, which are productive of good results, and have resulted in ousting many badly-disposed employes from the city's pay roll.

A resident of Maryland while being shaved in a Baltimore barber's recently, suddenly jumped from the chair, thinking that his team was running away, and had his nose nearly cut off by the razor in the hand of the barber.

An Indiana man was so affected by his wife's desertion of him, that he tried to throw himself under a locomotive, but was prevented. He then built a large bonfire, and when it was well ablaze, walked in, and was burned to a cinder.

A number of Michigan families missed their boys, ranging in age from eight to twelve, and, after a search of seven days, found them in camp. They had started for the Rocky Mountains to get rich by hunting, and incidentally to kill Indians.

CROUP IS QUICKLY RELIEVED, AND WHOOPING COUGH greatly helped, and its duration shortened, by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung or Throat Affections.

New Publications.

The American Book Exchange, New York, has published an edition of Trumbull's "M'Fingal," "the Hudibrastic epic of the Revolutionary time, with an introduction and a fine body of notes by Benson J. Lossing. It will be found both by the historical and general reader a book of the deepest interest.

MAGAZINES.

The June Scribner is enriched with three full-page pictures engraved by Cole, and contains a number of especially timely features, including articles on "Admiral Farragut," "A Review of the Revised New Testament" by Professor Fisher, of New Haven; "Lord Beaconsfield"—a full-page portrait engraved by Cole; "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells; the first chapters of this novelette of American life in Venice (complete in two numbers); "Bastien Lepage," "The Sanitary Condition of New York—the Remedy;" "Some New Berries," by E. P. Roe, illustrated by W. H. Gibson; "Practical Floriculture," by Peter Henderson; "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris; the second part of George W. Cable's novelette, "Madame Delphine;" "The Lobster at Home," illustrated by J. C. Beard and M. J. Burns; "Along the North Shore of Long Island," with pictures by Vanderhoof and Lungren; "The Westminster Play," "The Largest Extinct Volcano," by Miss Gordon Cumming. Scribner & Co., New York, publishers.

Lippincott's Magazine for June opens with a well-illustrated article on "The Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," which is full of fine touches in the way of description. The third chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Zoological Curiosities" treats amusingly of "our fourhanded relatives," and has some capital illustrations. "Among the Cowboys," by Louis C. Bradford, is an excellent sketch of the life of the Texan herdsman. Mr. Dorman Eaton discusses the subject of "Tenure of Office." Rowland Connor writes critically, but genially, of the "Moral Reformers" who blossom out annually at Boston during "anniversary week." "An American Salon in Rome," by C. K. Corson, introduces Miss Brewster and her Circle, regarding whom Miss Tincker's new novel, "By the Tiber," has just been piquing the interest of a good many readers. There are several capital short stories and sketches in the number—"Tina Scogin Did," by Margaret Bertha Wright; "A Russian Petruchio," by Vera Lapoukhyn; "Als Breiter Philip," by Frank Lewees; "Taking the Train," and others. The serial, "Dragon-of-Doom" reaches a dramatic climax. The poetry is by Maurice Thompson and Louise Chandler Moulton. The editorial departments are well sustained, and the varied character of the number is popular and entertaining.

That reader must be hard to please, indeed, who in the diversified contents of the North American Review for June should find nothing to win his attention. First there is an article by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch on "Our Future Fiscal Policy." George B. Loring writes of "The Patrician Element in American Society." Dorman Eaton makes a spirited defense of civil service reform; Prof. W. G. Sumner states very clearly the argument for free silver; Frederick Douglass writes of "The Color Line;" Desire Charnay, of "The Ruins of Central America." Dr. Austin Flint discusses the benefits of vaccination; J. M. Mason asserts the lawful power of the government to regulate the railway charges; and finally, Prof. E. S. Morse sets forth the evidences of the existence of man upon this continent in prehistoric times. North American Review Co., publishers, New York.

Wide Awake for June is noticeable for its exquisitely-illustrated poems from well-known poets, chief among them being "Mary in the Morning-glories," by Mary Clemmer; "The Baby's Prayer," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Courtesy," by Mrs. L. C. Whiton and "Out of Tune," by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Mrs. A. M. Diaz contributes also a delightful six-paged ballad entitled "The Little Boggermuggers," with humorous drawings by "Bog," and the little ones will hardly be able to choose between this wonderful sandy ballad and their favorite "Polly Cologne." There is also a fine sonnet to "Mother Goose," by James Whitcomb Riley, with a capital pen and ink portrait of Mother Goose, by G. F. Barnes. There are several remarkably good short stories in this number—"Bill's Blood Tree," "The Original Wax Work Show," Kate Lawrence's amusing story, "Two Little Trunks," etc. Other features are: "On the Track in a Blizzard," "St. Nicholas's Town," "Boy Divers in the Red Sea," etc., etc. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

A writer says: "In Persia woman is a piece of furniture." So she is in this country, when she happens to be a Mormon.

Cabinet Organs.

There are numerous firms throughout this country who advertise Cabinet or Parlor Organs claiming superiority from facilities of manufacture, when in reality they never were manufacturers of any portion of an organ, and are simply agents and middlemen for firms who dare not, owing to the inferior quality of their instruments, advertise them over their own names. It is a well-known fact that the United States leads the world in the manufacture of Organs in quality of tone, excellence of mechanism and beauty of design, and no manufacturer stands higher in every respect than the Hon. D. F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, whose manufactory is now the largest in the world, and whose fame is world-wide. This enterprising gentleman was the first to offer the music loving public the opportunity to purchase direct of the manufacturer, thereby saving the public the enormous profits of agents and middlemen. He has made many liberal offers and has never failed to keep every promise and more we have yet to receive the first complaint from any of our readers who have dealt with him. His latest and grandest offer outshines all others, and is an evidence of his unparalleled success. The Beatty Pipe Organ is the most powerful musical combination ever perfected, and its superiority over all other Organs is attested by the valuable Patent Stop Action, held only by Mr. Beatty. The reader should bear in mind that the "Beatty," which is shipped on one month's trial, has 27 stops, 12 full sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, and is in every respect and detail the finest instrument in the world. The price at which the Beatty is offered, $60, which includes stool, book, and music, must bring it within the reach of everyone. It is important that anyone desiring one of the Matchless Organs should order and remit at once by a Post Office Money Order, Bank Draft, Registered Letter or Express prepaid. Nothing is saved by correspondence, as the orders for this particular style are coming in so rapidly that the capacity of the Beatty Manufactory is being tested to its utmost, and cash orders are very naturally take preference on order book. The feature of this great offer, viz., to refund money sent and pay all freight charges if the instrument is not as represented, is not this sufficient guarantee of the fair dealing of Mayor Beatty?

Humorous.

Slip knots—Lovers' ties.

Dark ages—Ladies' ages.

"Through by daylight"—Sleep.

The taper's bird—The swallows.

A sound judge—A musical critic.

Machines for catching cold—Ice tongs.

Never examine a mule from the background.

You never saw a bald headed man with a low forehead.

Singers are often the most miserable of God's screechers.

Trusting in chants—Expecting to get to heaven by singing.

We wonder if anybody ever picked up a tear that was dropped?

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

People do not like to acknowledge that they are poor, except to book agents.

The pores of the body are estimated at 7,000,000. What pore creatures we are!

Some men are never more possessed of a devil than when they are self-possessed.

Why are crows the most sensible of birds? Because they never complain without cause.

"I find that with light meals my health improves," said the Esquimaux; and down went another candle.

If a man is very sick, and needs immediate attention, what kind of a physician do they send for? A nigh and near doctor.

The man who pays cash for whisky, and gets credit for groceries, won't find a committee of welcome waiting for him at the celestial gate.

The styles in millinery this year are very unlike last year; but the spiteful remarks which each lady feels it her duty to make about her neighbor's bonnets will be pretty much the same as usual.

There is now no doubt that the horse shoe really brings luck. A man in Chicago recently nailed one over his barn door, and the next week one of his daughters corralled a young man who had proposed marriage.

"Amantha," he murmured with pathos in his voice, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the Autumn leaves?" "I've been vaccinated," she said.

Country people pity the denizens of a city who have to use lake or river water, but when an Ohio farmer cleaned out his well last week he fished out two cats, a paint keg, two old brooms, an old hat, a boot and a dozen shingles.

The basket lunch system now adopted on the leading railroad lines is not intended as a substitute for picnics, although it has a decided picnic flavor to be able to spill coffee all over yourself, and throw bones and crusts on the car-floor.

A debating society is wrestling with the question: "When a man has his life insured for one hundred thousand dollars, is his wife justified in refusing to prepare a mustard plaster for him when he is seized with a sudden and severe attack of the grumps?"

A female correspondent complains that her husband eats onions and snores. Now, a man who would ensure with an ostrich's overcoat breath should go somewhere and start a desert.

"That picture shows the story of Prometheus and the vulture that fed on his liver. Every day the vulture devoured it, and every night it grew for him to eat it again." Sympathetic child: "Poor, dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of liver every day!"

The way to retain health: Young lady—"I'm glad to see you looking so well," Mrs. Wickens. You never seem to get any older." Mrs. Wickens—"Well, Miss, you see, I 'ave always 'eld temperance as a blessin' and moderation in drinkin' of spirits a virtue. What I sees in as three or four glasses o' gin afore breakfast in the mornin' is a good as a 'undred."

A thick skull is not usually considered a desirable kind to have. Nevertheless, such a skull proved of priceless value the other day to a young man who, by a misstep, was plunged through a hatchway, a distance of twelve feet, striking on his head, but receiving no permanent injury. His thick skull proved a blessing in disguise.

Angry wife (time, 2 A. M.): "Is that you, Charles?" Jolly husband: "Saas me!" Angry wife: "Have I've been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours; oh, Charles, how can you?" Jolly husband (bracing up): "Standin' on your head on t' shtairs Jane-y. I'm surprized. How can I? By Jove, I can't! Two hours, too. 'Shtronary woman!"

The schoolboy is told by his loved teacher that common coal and diamonds are of exactly the same material. Generally the loving small boy doesn't believe this statement of his loved teacher, but when he grows up and has to pay for the coal during a hard winter, he fully realizes that coal is not only similar to diamonds in composition, but in price as well.

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

"How are you My old Friend?" Asked a bright-looking man. "Oh! I feel miserable, I'm bilious and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort? That's what I take when I'm out of sorts and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney-Wort is a sure cure for biliousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.—Long Branch News.

Important

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 400 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

HUMAN HAIR.—Madame Wormhold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wormhold, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

If your skin is rough, chapped or chafed, procure at once a bottle of Pearl's White Glycerine, and a cake of his soap.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the Advertiser by mentioning the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

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Against the contingency of ill-health by taking with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has occasion to congratulate himself on his foresight, when he sees others who have neglected to do so suffering from some one of the maladies for which it is a remedy and preventive. Among these are fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism, diseases often attendant upon a change of climate or unwonted diet.

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BE IT SEATED IN THE
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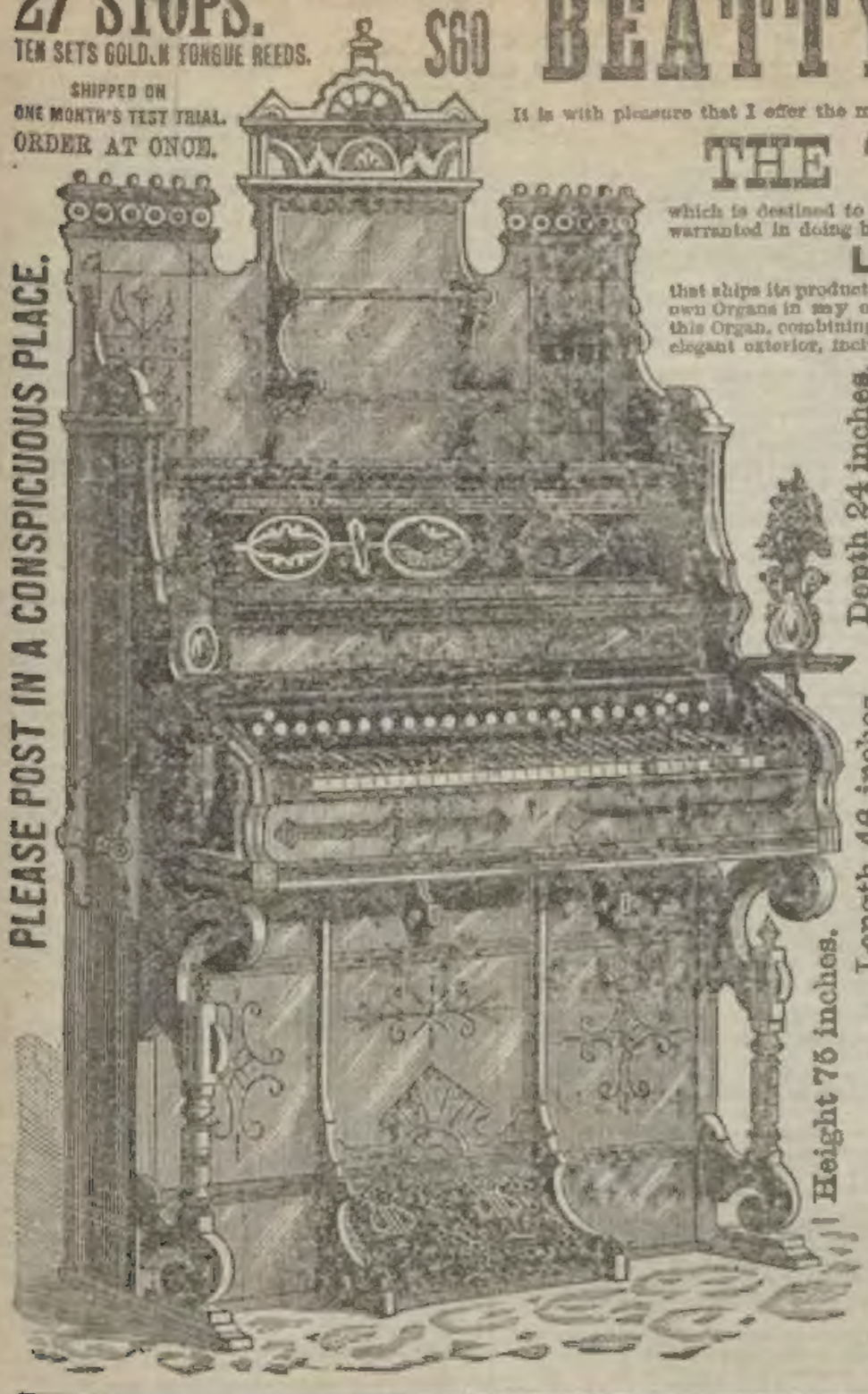

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which is destined to be the most **popular Organ** the world has ever seen. My success in the past having been so unprecedented, I feel warranted in doing better than ever for my customers, hence this unparalleled offer. I have now the

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9—Viola Dolce.
10—Grand Expressione.
11—French Horn.
12—Harp Æoline.
13—Vox Humana.
14—Echo.
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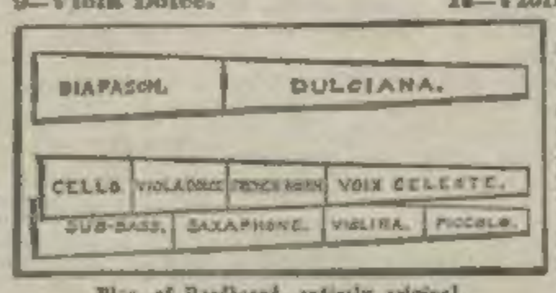

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You will be afforded an opportunity to inspect everything and satisfy yourself in every particular. **Beware!**—I unhesitatingly advise those who are about to order from other parties, not to do it. Order only the latest and best of all Organs. If you have already ordered, countermand your order, it may not be too late yet. An Organ lasts a lifetime, get only the latest style and best music combined. **Remit by Post Office Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft or Register Letter. Money refunded and freight charges paid if all is not as represented. It is a well-known fact that I am the man** that had the nerve to reduce the price of Pianos and Organs, in the face of untold abuse from the monopolist. The public should remember this and patronize the original and the *cheapest*. **REMEMBER** any offer made (by imitators) no matter how low, I can beat it. *WEIGH THESE WORDS CAREFULLY.*—I dare not ship you a poor instrument as it is not possible for me to know who will test it. Agents invariably conceal defects and claim advantages for Organs they sell. My instruments must be good enough to silence maligners and defamers. They invariably prove satisfactory. Thousands are now in use. **IT IS A FACT** that my business has increased to such proportions that even now with a factory having **ONE AND A HALF ACRES OF SPACE** within the walls of building, filled with skilled artisans and best machinery **is the reason I can offer this Organ so low.** I am now enlarging my factory **TO OVER DOUBLE ITS PRESENT SIZE.** I should be glad to have you come here and visit my establishment.

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ITS RELIEF AND CURE AS CERTAIN AS DAY FOLLOWS DAY, WITHOUT ANY OPERATION OR HINDRANCE FROM LABOR.

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Ladies' Department

FASHION NOTES.

THE fashionable spring materials are now seen on all sides, in lovely tissues and fabrics, plain striped and figured, and exquisite combinations, which are unique in beauty and style.

For instance, fine miniature striped or chequered cashmeres, to be worn with cashmere of a mixture of two colors of the stripes or chequers, and blending most harmoniously together. These dresses are particularly pretty in all the grey and fawn-colored tints, and make the most charming costumes for spring and early summer.

For simple visiting toilettes, and ordinary wear, silk bayadere-striped cashmere will be combined with plain cashmere, and for this the prettiest colors are brown, steel-blue, olive and prune.

The open-worked embroideries on material are revived, and used profusely on handsome summer dresses. They are no longer confined to the simple fabric, however, but combined with lace-like insertions set in the form of leaves, ovals, and the like. The outlines, too, are often followed in gold thread upon the delicate materials, or the outlining is done in a thick, cord-like stitch, and pretty designs in gold are traced in the spaces. The finest patterns are executed partly by machinery (which of course stamps out the design), and partly by hand. The effect is very rich, and at the same time costly.

Novelties in materials include satin merveilleux in self colors, stripes, chequers, and others beautifully-shaded from the darkest to the lightest tints, the trimmings to accompany these consisting of embroideries mingled with chenille matched to the colors of the material on which they are applied, shaded beads, jet, white bugles, embroideries in steel beads, gold and silver braids, and white and black lace—chiefly Maltese, Languedoc, Duchesse and Valenciennes.

Short dresses are, if possible, more in vogue than they have hitherto been, and for ceremonious occasions square trains have the preeminence.

Many of the new mantles are also made to match the costume, whilst others again are of black material trimmed with Spanish lace, jet, passementerie, and large bows of satin ribbon.

Round waists are gaining popularity as well as those with shoulder pieces, formed of very narrow and close shirrings, which are repeated at the bottom of the waist, and extend below the belt as far as the pouf, being about two inches wide.

Soft muli dresses in some delicate tint, such as lavender, lemon-color, pale rose, cream, or blue, are made up with many yards of gathered Breton lace for trimmings. These usually have a basque lined all through with thin white, or else with the colored muli, and are completed by a handsome and elaborately-trimmed skirt.

Thick embroidered dots on white muslin are considered the most elegant for white dresses, but are so expensive that plain Swiss muslin dresses are revived, as well as the soft cream-tinted muli. Shirred yokes of Swiss muslin drawn around the neck in Mother Hubbard style are added to the top of plain Swiss basques.

For surplice-throated muslin dresses the neck is also deeply pointed in the back, and one or two frills of Valenciennes three inches wide are gathered on the neck, down back and front, and are allowed to fall as carelessly as they will.

Black is resuming all its old favor both for day and evening. For evening the Spanish style is imitated; that is, the front of the dress will be covered with lace or jet fringe, whilst the back will be a plain train, formed by an immense box plait, a little below the waist, over which will be placed a large bow and long ends, falling to the bottom of the skirt. The body is low, without sleeves, but underneath is a high body, and long sleeves of black lace.

Jet is still the accompaniment for black dresses, whether laid on in embroidery or in fringe.

Short waists are worn both in plain and full bodies, and long cuirasses are worn; coats are also worn. Plain and full bodies, with waistbands, are more adapted for ordinary dresses.

Ball dresses, however, for young persons, may be made with low full bodice, and sash round the waist.

Coats are made chiefly in brocade. They are richly trimmed with lace at the neck, down the front, around the sleeves, and are fastened on one side by three very large buttons; the same buttons are placed at the back of the sleeves, on the pockets, and on the tabs of the coat.

Coats are useful to wear with skirts whose waists are worn out. Black-and-white half-inch striped silks and satins, block patterns of black silk, light foulards, and also light small figured brocades, are made into these popular basques to wear with black or dark-colored silk skirts.

A popular style of trimming now in use is formed by cutting the edge of overskirts, panels, basques, and polonaises in points, scallops, shells, vandykes, etc. These points, especially in soft summer goods, require to be supported by puffs, pleatings, or flounces. There is the most bewildering confusion of pleatings—hollow, flat, overlapping, and reversed; of shirrings, forming tubes or squares, among which are set passementerie ornaments of jet or steel (steel is particularly in fashion; whole bonnets are made of it, with steel lace.) Fronts of dresses are also entirely covered with black Spanish lace.

Lace is also used in abundance to trim evening dresses; and not only is white lace used, but every colored lace is employed, according to the color of the dress.

The last lace innovation, as already stated, is steel lace, which will be employed on plain silk and satin dresses.

Some very charming combination dresses for young ladies are made of the inexpensive Louisine silk, with basque and overskirt of cashmere.

Pretty and youthful dresses are made up of the inexpensive cretonnes in Japanese designs of blue, green, or rose, with white. This old-fashioned fabric, so popular a generation ago, has been revived, and made into many lovely costumes.

The large-patterned sateens, called d'Alsace, are to be worn as costumes, mixed with plain sateen.

A favorite design is the Japanese one of crossed fans and screens, brought out last summer in satin.

Another is composed of large sunflowers in a neutral tint, without stalks, close together. These will suit the taste for the outre; but the beautiful Pompadour-flowered sateens will be very popular.

A pretty and becoming style of fichu is formed with a wide straight scarf of white dotted muslin edged with Irish embroidery passed around the neck, brought down the front to the waist-line, and arranged there in loops and ends.

Among the newest round hats shown for the summer season is the Marie Antoinette, with large high crown and broad brim, not wired, but dented to suit the wearer's face. These hats are very much trimmed inside the brim with flowers, while outside they have drooping loops of wide satin ribbon and very long ostrich plumes. They come in Manila straw and in chips; also the thick English straws, and are often tinted gold-color, olive or cream, and are dented to suit the face of the wearer.

The new hose, with embroidery of beads up the front, are very fashionable. In black silk with jet, worn with black satin beaded shoes, and a black satin and jet-trimmed dress, they are very stylish.

The variety of parasols is wonderful. Black ones are to be very fashionable lined with flowered Pompadour silk, with handles that have a large ball of crystal or blue china at the end.

The newest style is a black parasol, with one colored division, on which is painted a palette, with a picture.

Again, others have a large rose and leaves painted on one division, with veins of colored silk.

The large Japanese designs of fans and screens on colored sateens are to be popular; also white jean and sateen, with red old-gold, or dark-blue balls suspended by a cord from the top.

The ombre satins, striped black and sparkling gold, or red and gold alternately; white and black satin, embroidered with steel or colored beads, edged with lace all vie with each other in popularity.

The fancy cretonne and Pompadour sateen parasols, for morning and country use, are extremely pretty.

Old Dresden china and fancy handles of all kinds are being used miniature sword-handles being one of the novelties.

Some parasols have a border of embroidered or painted cherries daisies, or buttercups arranged on in a circle, tailing towards the rim, the twisted stalk being nearer the centre. Many are painted to order to match particular dresses or bonnets.

A handsome bonnet is of red surah, covered with silver lace, and ornamented with an aigrette of red feathers at the left of the front, whilst in contrast to this is one of chip, the color of dull silver, bordered with silver fringe, and with a large half wreath of grapes of the same color, the strings and drapery covering the other side of the crown, being of surah en suite.

A brown chip capote is encircled with a wide wreath of small leaves of chenille shaded to gold-color, and the strings are of brown surah, edged with a band of striped surah in numerous light and bright shades, the join hidden by a row of narrow gold braid; a drapery of the same partially covers the crown.

A wide-brimmed hat of black chip is trimmed with a drapery of red-shaded ribbon, caught in the middle of the front with a gold ornament; a black ostrich feather is fastened under a loop of this drapery at the left side, and falls over the crown at the back.

Fireside Chat.

SOME beautiful and effective novelties in work are shown by our leading houses. The embossed velvet work executed by raising embroidery over a solid foundation laid on the ground, is very handsome, and adapted for panels, portieres, or table covers.

They now use the applique sprays in brick stitch edged with couching, which have hitherto been chiefly confined to ecclesiastic-l embroidery, for other purposes; and there are designs of birds, butterflies, and conventional flowers in silk and gold thread, which, transferred to plush or velvet, are suitable for table-covers, cushions, etc.

In Celtic ribbon work on ivory or old gold satin are some very elegant designs, especially one for a photograph-frame, of forget-me-nots and other appropriate flowers, which in its quaint brightness recalls the old broidered frames; and the peacocks' feathers on old-gold satin a setting, for borders and chair-backs, are almost like nature itself.

In backgrounded embroidery there is a new idea for bordering chair-backs, or using wherever broad horizontal and perpendicular stripes are required.

The outlines are of dark conventional flowers in dark colors; the darned ground is in a diaper pattern of old-gold, each stitch being of several silk threads taken close together; and the whole is bordered on either side with plain stripes of the colors of the outlines. Four or five of these would be well suited for a piano-back.

In outline work are tea-cloths, with blue and red in grain designs of flowers and foliage at the corners, with scrolls bearing German mottoes entwined; and a cradle-quilt with a design of angels bearing a scroll, on which is the motto in German, "Sleep well; may God's angels watch over thee!"

A full-sized quilt has a single pattern in outlines worked in different colored crewels of squares, each having small conventional flowers or patterns.

A special novelty is the new fashionable tapestry work. Chairs, cushions, panels, borders, are all reproduced from old designs, with reproductions of the old materials, in tent and cross-stitch, and the true Gobelins stitch, and I think that the work is more suited for these than for the slippers, on which it also appears.

A set of chairs would last as long as those of our great-grandmothers; and, tedious though it might be to work, a figure or landscape subject would be admirably adapted for a piano-back.

Commenced work for any article wished can be had, together with the necessary materials; but whoever begins a piece of tapestry should consider what harmony its low key of color will produce with that of the rest of the room, as it might, after a great deal of work, end in disappointment.

Table linen is handsomely embroidered in colors, round the borders of the cloth and napkins, and sometimes round the edges.

Cream and cord cloths and napkins are preferred for breakfast and luncheon. Tray-cloths also are embroidered, and are fringed all round in the material itself.

Instead of this colored embroidery the linen may be embroidered in white, but in open work. The cloth must then be placed over and under cloth of red velvet or cloth.

In colored embroidery Egyptian patterns are preferred, and these are mostly confined to red and blue. Quaint antique designs are in great favor.

Ladies generally embroider their own table linen. This is a considerable saving, and the work is frequently better done.

Dark grey mummy canvas cloths to cover the table between meals are also embroidered in colors.

So much for fashion, against which more than one lady rebels, and prefer plain snowy white damask for the dinner-table, leaving colored and embroidered cloths for luncheon, tea, or supper.

Plain white table linen is simply embroidered in the centre, with the monogram of the owner, and that in white. For five o'clock teas any fancy is allowed, and any color. Chinese patterns are here preferred, and Chinese colors.

Bedroom linen is embroidered in white, and is edged round with lace—thick guipure or torchon lace, whose very name tells for what purpose it was originally intended; that is, for towels, dusting cloths, etc. It looks remarkably well, however, on towels, sheets, pillow-cases, and all linen pertaining to a bed-room and its furniture.

COOKERY.—Of the vast number of cookery books which have been published, it is a pleasure to meet with those which contain recipes tested by personal experience instead of an array of culinary impossibilities or extravagance far beyond the attainment of a moderate purse and limited knowledge. How many pounds of flour, butter and sugar do not always prove the safe, reliable guide to the successful making of some long-desired dainty dish, and the frequent occasions on which the pounds of butter, sugar, and flour have been wasted, no doubt many of my readers have unpleasant recollections in testing some attractive recipes which are supposed to be all that one could wish for.

Mrs. B. C. Howard's manual on cookery, under the title, "Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen," published by Lippincott, gives one the benefit of a wide field of experience and resource for the attainment of good cooking; for the author says they have been repeatedly tested by her own experience and been selected with the utmost care from a collection made during the past fifty years. It contains many of the old-fashioned recipes for making fruit cordials, Southern cakes and soups, in a simple and inexpensive way, which will make it a successful guide for the novice in cooking.

Another reliable little manual on the same subject is published under the title of "Culture and Cooking; or, Art in the Kitchen," published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, and is intended to prove that cooking as a fine art can be attained by perseverance and study, and the concocting of certain dishes which always have seemed to require the most artistic culinary knowledge, are by the author reduced to the simplest details.

Under the head of "A Few Things it is Well to Remember," the author gives a number of valuable suggestions. She tells us, for example, that an egg will keep better in water than under any other conditions. Put in a crock and covered with water, they can be preserved in winter for two or three months. In grating nutmegs the housekeeper is enjoined to begin at the flower end; if she begins at the other end there will be a hole all the way through. Another fact not generally known is that by heating tea or coffee before the water is added, the infusion will be stronger and more fragrant. Again, vegetables that are rank can be made much milder in flavor by tying a piece of bread in a clean rag and boiling it with them. Another point is worth considering by those wives who only give their husbands hot rolls once or twice a week, on the occasion of a general bread-making. Even in summer bread dough is just as good the day after it is made, and in winter, if kept cold, yet not in danger of freezing, it will be available for a week. Here is another idea: Bread or rolls that are very stale may be made quite fresh for an hour or two by dipping them quickly into milk and leaving them in a brisk oven "till quite hot through." They must be eaten at once, however, for when cold they will be as stale as ever.

To keep meat in warm weather, it should be rubbed over with salad oil, every crevice being filled with ginger. Meat that is intended for roasting or frying can be much better preserved by this means than with salt. Cakes or chops which, when cut off, always keep badly, should be dipped into warm butter, or even dripping, if oil is not forthcoming, and then hung up until wanted. Of course the object in these cases is to exclude the air. It is well known that mutton or veal-cutlets should, in cold weather, be hung four or five weeks in a place not subject to changes of temperature. In summer when meat comes from the butcher's, wash it over with vinegar if not going to be used the same day.

Answers to Inquirers.

START, (Smyrna, Del.)—The word is pronounced A-ce-da.

E. D. L. (Mendon, N. Y.)—The Courier was merged into the POST many years ago. 2. Write to the American Agriculturist, New York.

M. A. S. (Yazoo City, Miss.)—Custom and grammar sanction both "is come" and "has come." The former however, is the most elegant, and therefore should have the preference.

CHAS. (Greenville, Tenn.)—1. Address Lippincott & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. The "courier hat" is the best. 3. The proprietor of the Continental Hotel, this city, is of that name.

MOORE, (Elizabeth, N. J.)—A franklin is a small freeholder, that is the owner of a bit of land. In ancient English history the holder of a certain petty or village office was sometimes also called a franklin.

SHADAN, (Frederick, Va.)—A letter simply addressed "London, England," would no doubt reach her. If it should not, perhaps by writing a letter of inquiry to the American Consul there, you could ascertain.

SMALY LAD, (Glenn Mills,)—Write to Henry C. Baird & Co., Industrial Publishers, Walnut above Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa., stating what you want. If such a book is published they will have, or get it for you.

B. (Treymont, Tenn.)—Wash the hat with soap and water, then wash in corn meal. After drying in the sun rub with dry meal. A shorter process, but which may ruin the straw, is to expose it to the fumes of burning sulphur.

OCCASIONAL, (Uniontown, Md.)—1. Washing with Frank Siddall's Soap will remove them. 2. We will send the address of a reliable firm who will furnish you with the articles required. 3. The authoress is a lady who does not desire her name to be made public.

D. T. (New York, N. Y.)—Zollverein means customs-union. It is a union among German States established 1819 for the purpose of establishing a uniform tariff of duties. 2. Zeuxis was a Grecian painter, who is said to have painted some grapes so naturally that the birds came and picked at them.

A. N. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Limbus Fatorum, is a Latin expression signifying in English, the Limbus of Fools, or Fools' Paradise. As fools are not responsible for their words, they are not punished in purgatory, but cannot be received into heaven, so they go to a place called the Paradise of Fools.

STAGE, (Glen Riddle, Pa.)—Sir William Davenant was Poet Laureate of England from 1660 to 1665. He was a prolific dramatic writer, author of many fierce puritan pamphlets and connected with the revival of the theatre after the eclipse it had suffered under the severe Puritan rule. He claimed that he was a natural son of Shakspeare.

AMATEUR, (South Frankfort, Pa.)—1. Yes. 2. We cannot tell the reason and do not remember to have ever seen the matter referred to. The Scientific American, New York, might be able to explain the cause and suggest a remedy. The present steam engine is in principle the same as when first invented. All sorts of modifications have been made at different times but essentially it is the original plan.

SUN, (Forsyth, Mo.)—We think with the parents that the girl is yet too young to keep company. You might continue to escort her to church and elsewhere, when your company would be both courteous and convenient, but do not make your attentions particularly marked. By this means you may still stand first in her good wishes, and when both are a few years older no doubt the parents' objection will disappear, since they have nothing to find fault with save the want of age.

[illegible] (Philadelphia, Pa.)—All that is known of the ancient Tower of Babel is conjecture, founded on existing remains of enormous towers of brick, dry or burnt, inscriptions in which, for example, trace them to the Nebuchadnezzar of the Bible. The sources of information regarding ancient Babylon are Herodotus and Ctesias, the historians, and on the monuments, remains, inscriptions, etc., that illustrate the history, manners, and customs and corroboration of Bible history, Layard and Rawlinson.

J. T. (Norristown, Pa.)—If you have made love to her, the only thing you can do is to tell her that you have been base and deceitful, and to express the hope that she will not hold you in unmixed contempt when she hears from you that you are going to be married. If, on the other hand, your correspondence has been simply that of affectionate friends, you can say that as your good and sensible friend she will be interested in knowing that you are to be married, and will, you hope, extend her friendship to the partner of your life. The truth is the right thing to tell.

WILSON, (Indianapolis, Ind.)—The question you say, to wit, our opinion of a young lady engaging herself to a rich man while she loves another who is not very rich, is rather a delicate one. All we can say is that we question the genuineness of her love for the poorer suitor. No allurement however strong, can draw away true love from its object. The most appropriate inscription for such a young lady's engagement ring that we can think of is the familiar one, "For better or worse." The first adjective on the gold will point to her immediate choice; the second to the probable outcome of it.

HELD IN HONOR, (Bethlehem, Pa.)—Your question is somewhat vague. A choice of reading with a view to improving it will depend upon the profession you intend to adopt or most adopt. Whether this may be, of course books, etc., bearing on that should have the preference. Reading without an aim is only negatively beneficial. It is alone good in the sense that the time and effort which might be much more profitably used still good. Not knowing your particular circumstances and tastes, we cannot tell which would serve you best. There are Courses of Reading published by the leading publishing houses, any of which we would advise you to consult one, and make choice of such works as you believe most suitable.

O. K. (Audubon.)—You had no right to keep company and indulge in acts of courtesy that were not prompted by love. So long as you are merely friendly you do not keep company, and when company is kept the inference is natural that the parties have something more than friendship for each other. You have acted very ungentlemanly, if not done an absolute wrong. The man who wins a girl's love to make light of her and it is beneath contempt. It is possible she may be unhappy, and you are the cause of it. If one so selfish as you appear to be can be capable of love, go to her and ask her pardon, and by acting more lovingly in future try to make her forget the past. If you do not care, keep away from her. We can give you no advice as to the other young ladies you mention.

HEIR, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Who is the "King Log" that is meant in the lines—

"So, when Jove's block descended from on high
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croaked, God save King Log."

It was the king which Jupiter gave the frogs when they petitioned him for a ruler. According to the fable in which the story is related, the log came down with such a prodigious splash that the frogs were very deeply impressed with the power of their king, and regarded him with awe, which, on their finding out his true character, turned to disgust. They then petitioned Jupiter for a new king—one that had some life in him—and he sent them a stork, which immediately began to devour them with unappeasable voracity. In their terror they came once more appealing to Jupiter, and begged for another king, but he refused, saying, "They that will not be contented when they are well, must be patient when things go amiss."

DOUGLAS, (Boston, Mass.)—"When were umbrellas first used? Is it true that those who first carried them in the streets were mobbed?" According to ancient pictures and carvings the umbrella was used in remote antiquity by the Persians and other Oriental people. But it is supposed that they used it principally as a protection against the sun rather than the rain. The umbrella was not used in Europe until within a comparatively recent period. It is said that the man who first carried an umbrella in the streets of London was named Jonas Hanway, and that he died in 1786. At that time those who carried umbrellas were not mobbed, but they were jeered at and ridiculed by the crowd for their effeminacy in thus seeking to protect themselves from the rain. Previous to the introduction of the umbrella the hackney-coach was the refuge of pedestrians who were caught in a shower, or else they sought shelter in covered archways of public houses. After the introduction of umbrellas it was the custom for every hotel or drinking saloon to keep one, which was lent in cases of emergency, and a boy was always sent along to carry it and bring it back. In that way the return of a borrowed umbrella was insured—an improvement upon the custom of to-day.